THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1882.

SEA-SIDE PICTURES.

THE COAST OF MAINE AND MOUNT DESERT.*

WE are apt to complain in Canada that Lord Ashburton, in 1842, bartered away our right to a considerable slice of the State of Maine. We have retaliated, however, by taking possession of the loveliest portion of the State in the loveliest season of the year. From November to May, whoever likes may claim the ownership of the bleak sea coast; but from June till October, a populous Canadian colony will be found at its famous seaside resorts.

First, a word as to how to reach this favourite summer playground. Most tourists from Western Canada go and return by the Grand Trunk Railway, which offers considerable inducements by way of return tickets. But the ride is long and fatiguing. Far better is it, in our judgment, to take the steamer from Toronto to Ogdensburgh—sailing by daylight through the Thousand Islands—and the railway from that place to Portland. This railway runs through some of the grandest scenery in America. Indeed, it is said that no railway east of the Rocky Mountains equals it for magnificence of mountain surroundings. After crossing Lake Champlain at Rouse's Point, the road soon

* For the engravings which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of B. B. Russell, Esq., Boston, publisher of Abbott's History of Maine; to the Portland and Mount Desert Steamboat Company; and to D. J. Flanders, of the Boston and Maine R. R. Mr. Flanders will furnish pamphlets of information on request.

plunges into the very heart of the White Mountains. One should, if possible, stop for a few days or a week among the mountains—at Bethlehem, Fabyan's, Crawford Notch, or Conway. Fabyan's is somewhat expensive, about $4.50 a day. But a mile from it is the White Mountain House, not so grand, but only half the price. From either of these one may take the railway to the summit of Mount Washington, 6,285 feet above the sea—one of the grandest experiences of a lifetime. The

LAKE SEBAGO, MAINE.

fare up and down is $6. Rates at the Tip Top House, on the summit, $6 per day—pretty high rates, to correspond with the altitude of the mountain. Most persons ride up and return the same day, which allows ample time to see everything except the sunset and sunrise from the summit. But one cannot be sure of clear weather. The present writer rode up by rail and walked down the other side to Glen House, a distance of eight miles, and thence rode through Pinkham Notch, fifteen miles by stage, to the Portland and Ogdensburg Railway again.

From Bethlehem can be visited Franconia Notch, Echo Lake, the Old Man of the Mountains, and other famous sights; but we have not personally visited them, so cannot give particulars.*

A most charming spot to visit is Crawford's, where the railroad, highway, and a brawling stream find their way through a pass only twenty-two feet wide. One should not fail to climb Mt. Willard, 2,000 feet high—there is a good carriage-road—whence may be enjoyed a magnificent view of the famous Crawford Notch. We saw few finer views in Switzerland than this.

Through this pass and magnificent valley winds the P. and O. R. R., on a ledge cut in the side of the mountain. Open Observation Cars are used on this part of the road, which give an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery.

Tourists starting from Montreal may take the South-Eastern Railway and traverse the romantic scenery of the Eastern Townships of Quebec, only less grand and beautiful than the White Mountains themselves—passing in full view of Owl's Head, Mounts Orford, Jay Peak, and half a hundred others, and skirting the lower end of Lake Memphremagog, lovely as Loch Katrine, and join the P. and O. R. R. at Johnsbury. Thence they pass through the romantic scenery we have described to Portland. About midway between the mountains and the sea is the beautiful Sebago Lake, shown in our engraving. Amid its setting of emerald, this sapphire gem is exceedingly lovely.

Portland is one of the oldest settlements on the Atlantic coast, dating from 1632. Though its population is less than 50,000, it is exceedingly attractive. Most of its streets are lined with noble trees, and at the end of the green vista, in almost every direction, may be seen the blue flashing of the sea. In 1866 a great fire swept away one-half of its business portion, destroying property to the value of $10,000,000. The fine old city by the sea has an air of staid and quiet dignity. Its most interesting associations are those connected with its most distinguished son, the universally lamented Longfellow. The old house in which his youth was spent is still shown, and in his poems are many traces of its influence upon his imagination. This is especially

* Visitors to the White Mountains will find much valuable information in Appleton's Summer Resorts, illustrated; price, 75 cents.

seen in the beautiful poem entitled, "My Lost Youth," of which we quote a few lines:—

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated beside the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

OBSERVATORY, PORTLAND.

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

I remember the black wharfs and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down.

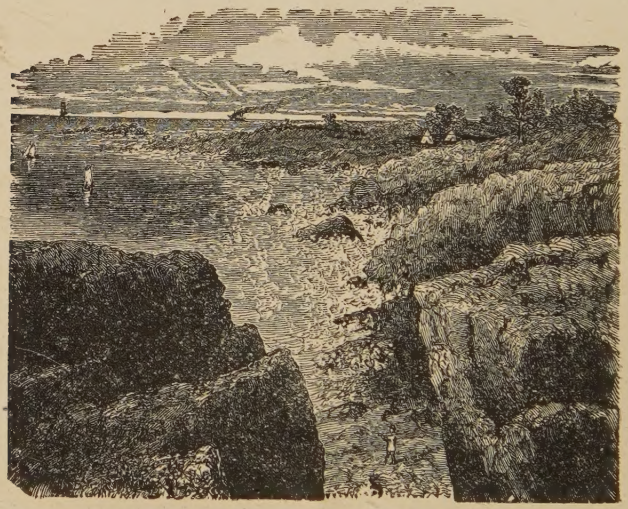
OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE.

The dead captains in the poem were the commanders of the British brig *Boxer* and the U. S. brig *Enterprise*, slain in battle in 1813. In quiet graves, overlooking Casco Bay, the rival captains lie buried side by side. After seventy years of peace between the two kindred peoples, only kindly memories survive, and on Decoration Day the graves of the English and American captains alike receive their tribute of respect.

Portland has also its associations of sorrow connected with the great poet. As we strolled through its ancient cemetery, we came upon a tombstone bearing the inscription, "Sacred to the

memory of Mary, wife of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who died at Rotterdam, Holland, aged twenty-three." To this great sorrow he alludes in his "Hyperion:"—"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

The view from the old Observatory on Mountjoy Hill is probably unequalled for quiet beauty by anything in America, except by that from the Citadel at Quebec. Climbing the light-house-like tower, shown in our engraving on page 484, we have a magnificent prospect of the noble Casco Bay, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands—neither more nor less, we were told—just one for every day of the year. With the powerful telescope in the observatory could be seen hundreds of fishing-



THE CLIFFS, CAPE ARUNDEL, MAINE.

boats out in the offing, the fishermen hauling in their finny prey, and the distant lighthouse where, as Longfellow says,—

"The tides
Upheaving, break unheard along its base."

These islands offer charming bathing facilities, and, as we can testify from experience, most exquisite treasures of the sea—star-fish, sea-weed, and the like.

But the favourite sea-side resort near Portland is Old Orchard Beach, about two miles to the south of the city, on the Boston and Maine R. R.. It has numerous large hotels and boarding-

houses, and a magnificent beach, firm and smooth as a floor, on which the wheels of a carriage or a horse's hoof will scarcely make the least impression. This is, perhaps, the favourite resort for Canadians, and one of its attractions to Methodist tourists is that it is the seat of a famous camp-meeting, with associated services, after the fashion of Ocean Grove, described in this Magazine last year, though not on so large a scale. The camp-ground covers about fifty acres of land, pleasantly diversified and shaded, also a fine auditorium, formed by natural circular slopes,

Whitehead Cliffs.

capable of seating 20,000 people. A large number of permanent cottages have been erected, and streets laid out. The sequestered loveliness of the neighbouring Fern Park, adds to the charms of this pleasant retreat. The religious services are held with brief intervals during most of the bathing season, and serve to prevent the "sweet do-nothing" by the sea from degenerating into laziness or mental dissipation. Through the religious influence of these services, many who come only to invigorate the body go home quickened in spirit and strengthened in moral

character—a result the reverse of that which often takes place amid the dissipations of certain fashionable watering places.

All along the Maine coast are numerous delightful places of summer resort, where sheltered nooks alternate with bold and rocky cliffs, as seen in our engraving of Cape Arundel. Here is "The Blowing Cave"—a huge watery cannon, sending out explosions—spouting rocks, a ruined fort, and other attractions. At Old Whitehead, near Portland, the cliffs rise abruptly from the sea, while at their base thunder the eternal surges of the

Lower Falls, Rumford, Maine.

Atlantic.* The sail up the Penobscot to Bangor is said to rival the beauty of the storied Rhine. Maine is a region of mountains, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls. Some of those on the Androscoggin and Kennebec are of wild, romantic beauty, as shown in our engravings.

The most romantic and interesting summer resort in Maine is at Mount Desert, an island lying 110 miles east of Portland. It is eighteen miles long, twelve wide, and connected with the

* See Eastman's Eastern Coast Guide.

mainland by a bridge. It is nearly divided by Somes' Sound, an inlet of the sea, seven miles long, bordered by high cliffs. The east coast also consists of stupendous cliffs. It is fittingly described by the poet as—

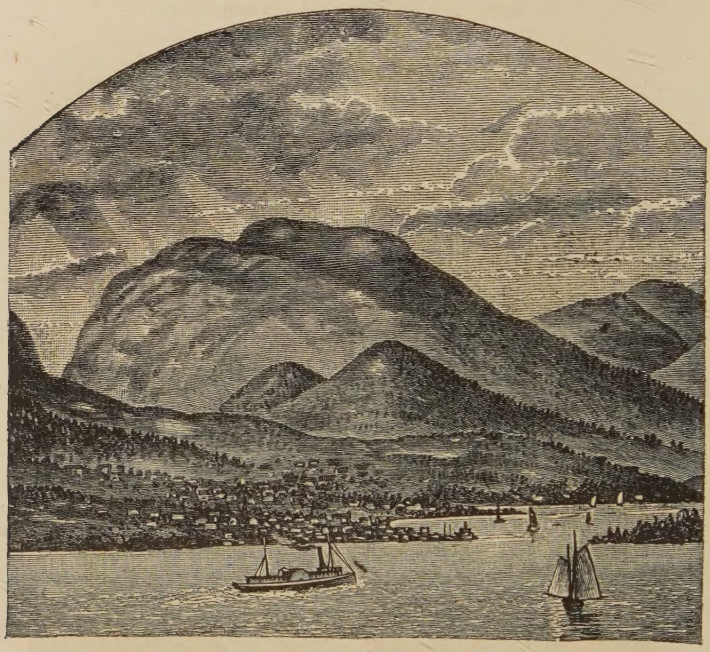
"An island full of hills and dells,
All rumpled and uneven,
With green recesses, sudden swells,
And odorous valleys, driven
So deep and straight that always there
The wind is cradled in soft air."

CASCADE AT WEST WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Nowhere in America, we think, can such a delightful variety of scenery be found—from the wild and rugged to the soft and sylvan—as on Mount Desert Island. It has, too, its romantic and tragic history. In 1613 the French formed a settlement on this island, lying in the picturesque inlet still called French-

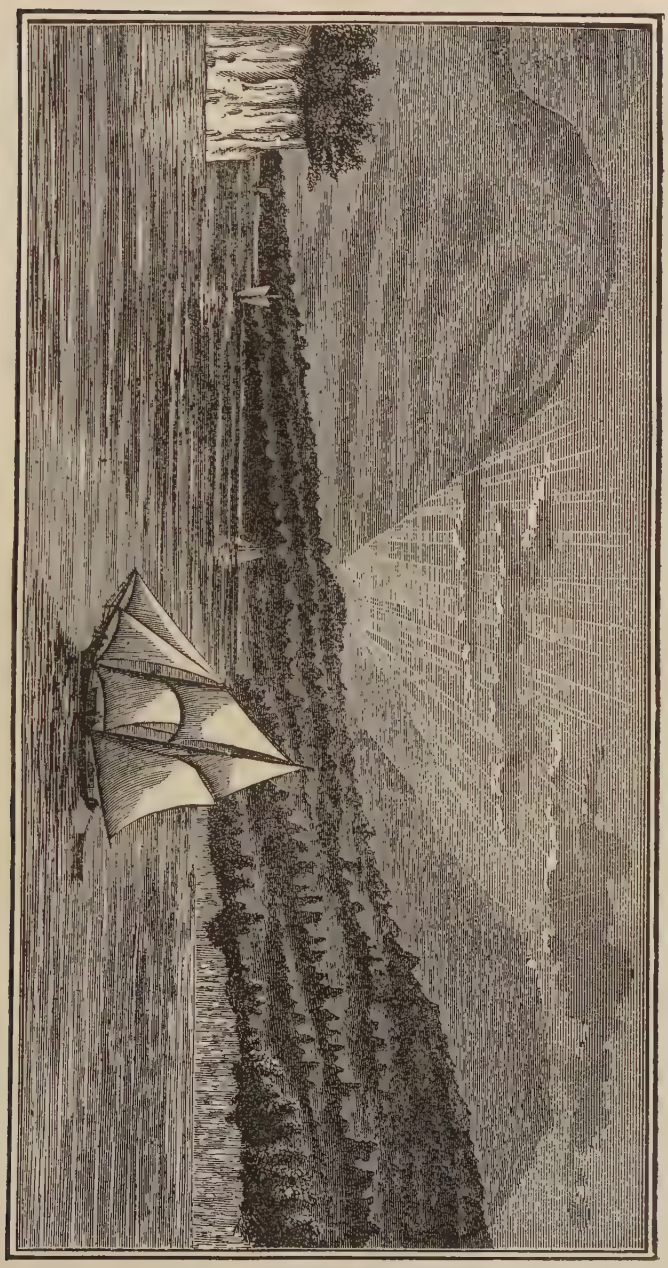
man's Bay. Here they were attacked by a piratical English adventurer from Virginia, and many of their number slain. This was the first outbreak of the long strife of a hundred and fifty years between the English and the French for the possession of the broad continent.

Mount Desert is reached by the steamers *City of Richmond* and *Lewiston,* sailing from Portland in connection with the Boston and Maine R. R.; or by rail to Bangor, and thence by



Bar Harbour, Mount Desert.

stage forty-eight miles. The most agreeable route is by the steamer *Lewiston,* calling at the ancient town of Castine, on the Penobscot, and taking the inside channel among a perfect archipelago of islands. The fare, we believe, is about $5 to Bar Harbour, the most popular resort. "The island," says Mr. Carter in his "Summer Cruise," "is a mass of mountains crowded together, and seemingly rising from the water. As you draw near they resolve themselves into thirteen distinct peaks, the highest of which is about 2,000 feet above the sea. Certainly only in the tropics can the scene be excelled—only in the gorgeous islands



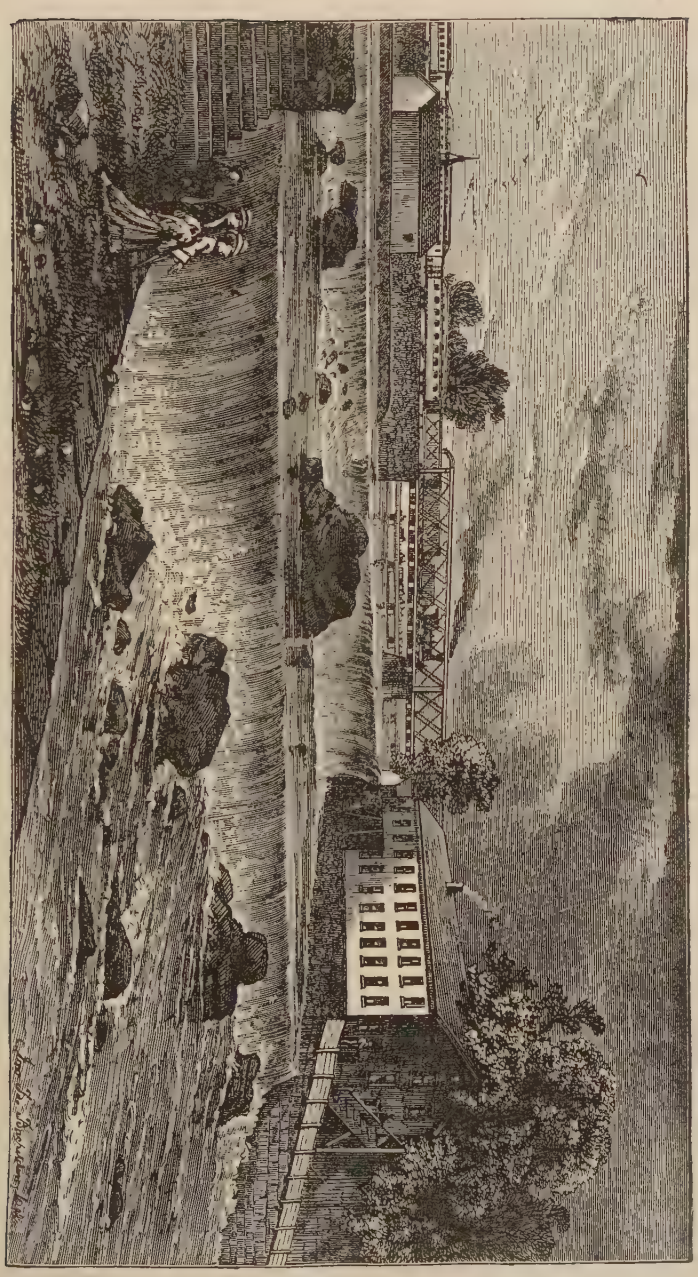
SUNRISE AT MOUNT DESERT.

of the Indian and Pacific Ocean." At Bar Island are numerous hotels, with charges of from $10 to $12 a week.

The first thing to be done after being domiciled, is to climb Green Mountain and enjoy the superb view from its thunder-smitten brow. The mountain is generally ascended on foot. The rugged coast of Maine, with its "bright mosaic of isle and bay," lies like a map beneath one's feet. A deep and narrow gorge separates Mt. Green and Mt. Newport, which will also repay climbing. The coast abounds in objects of picturesque or romantic interest. One of these, The Ovens, is a series of caves hollowed out of the cliffs in the course of ages by the action of the tides. Some of the caves will accommodate forty people.

Schooner Head is a mass of white rock, so like a vessel that a British brig actually bombarded it during the war of 1812-15. Spouting Horn is a chasm where the tide sends a jet of water high above the cliff. Great Head is a giant cliff, deeply gashed by the waves, which towers high above the pigmy observer at its base. Thunder Cave, reached through a superb forest walk, is a long, low gallery in the cliff-side, into which the waves rush with impetuous force, and, grinding the huge boulders together, produce deep reverberations whose awful voice can be heard in a storm seven miles away. At Castle Head the rugged, time-stained wall looks like the ruins of some old Norman keep. A delightful sail is that up Somes' Sound, between cliffs rising perpendicularly in places nearly a thousand feet. A week, or better still, a month, spent in tramping over the hills, inhaling the pure sea breezes, exploring the caves and coasts, and bathing in the waters of Mount Desert, will be a summer idyl that will not be soon forgotten, and will leave its results in re-invigorated body and mind.

No one being in Portland, who has not previously visited the "Hub," should fail to take a run over the Boston and Maine R. R. (fare $3) to that famous city. It is one of the oldest cities of America, dating from 1623, and is certainly the most interesting—from its historic association, the quaintness of its older and splendour of its newer portions, its art galleries, museums, and libraries, and its beauty of situation. A visit to Cambridge, the seat of America's greatest university, and late home of its greatest poet, to the quaint old Salem, Newburyport, and Ply-



FALLS AT SACO, MAINE.

mouth, Newport, Providence, and other places of interest can readily be made.

The Boston and Maine Railway traverses one of the most interesting portions of the State, passing through Reading, Andover, Lawrence—with the largest cotton factory in the world—Haverhill, and other thriving towns. Crossing the Saco River, tourists have a view of the fine double fall shown in our engraving. The scenery at Salmon Falls and elsewhere on the route is also much visited by artists, while the famous fishing of these rapid streams is much prized by the disciples of Isaac Walton.

Returning, one may take the Boston and Concord Railway, up the beautiful valley of the Merrimac, to its junction with the Portland and Ogdensburgh or South Eastern R. R.'s; or the Hoosac Tunnel route, or Boston and Albany R. R. to Albany, and thence by New York Central to Rochester and the Suspension Bridge.

REPENTANCE.

BY CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

O CHRIST, who died for men, who died for me,
I fall before Thy feet, and cannot see
Aught else beside my grievous sins and Thee.

How great my work of evil, Thou dost know,
Thou who for me didst grieve and suffer so,
Thou who for me upon the cross didst go.

Whatever thing I see, or hear, or speak,
My sin is still before me; Lord most meek,
Thy strong and gracious help alone I seek.

That help can put my guilt forever by,
And make me strong when sin again is nigh;
Forgiving Saviour, give it or I die!

THE LAND OF NILE.

Still through Egypt's desert places
  Flows the lordly Nile;
From its banks the great stone faces
  Gaze with patient smile;
Still the Pyramids imperious
  Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious
  Solemn, stony eyes.

—*Longfellow.*

STREET LEADING TO A MOSQUE IN CAIRO.

NEXT to the Holy Land itself—

"Over whose acres walked
  those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred
  years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the
  bitter cross"—

there is no land of profounder interest to the Biblical or historical student than the old Land of Nile. The cradle of the world's earliest civilization, the museum of the world's most ancient art, the scene of some of the most stupendous events in the world's history, small wonder that it still exerts the spell of its fascination over tourists from every land. Still it attracts prisoners from many a far-off clime, as it did when Thales and Herodotus and Plato visited the "hundred-gated Thebes"—even then a city of old renown—and gazed in awe upon the pyramids, even then gray with the eld of a thousand

years. Now as then, a veil of mystery enwraps the Land of Nile. The mighty river, mother of Egypt, still keeps the secret of its hidden source. For two thousand miles it pours its flood—from the snow-capped mountains of Abyssinia to the rich plains of the Delta. Yet the secret of its origin is still guarded by the brooding centuries. Like the Sphinx of the desert, "staring straight on with calm eternal smile," yet keeping still its secret in its rocky heart, so the riddle of Egypt continues still unsolved. And like its great river is the civilization of Egypt.

Egyptian Ploughing.

In all its course the Nile receives not, like other rivers, any great affluent. So the civilization of Egypt is indigenous. It springs up in its own native energy, and is not derived from that of any other lands. The Nile rescues from the vast desert which sweeps over Northern Africa and Arabia a narrow riband of fertility in a vast desert of sterility. So the art and architecture and learning of Egypt flowed forth to civilize and enlighten other lands; and Phœnicia, Carthage, Greece, and

even Rome derived the origin of their civilization from this old Land of Nile.

Yet that ancient civilization, in its religious aspects, was a very grovelling one. Their dog-headed, eagle-headed, ox-headed deities, Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—

> With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
> Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
> Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms,
> Rather than human.

Nay, more grovelling still, they worshipped even the leeks and onions which sprang from the rank ooze of the Nile, so as to make true the sneer of the Roman satirist—that "their gods grew in the gardens."

Nothing strikes one more in Egypt than the strange blending of the past and present, of the civilization of the nineteenth century before, with that of the nineteenth century after Christ. The shriek of the iron horse may be heard at the base of the Pyramids, the throb of the iron steamer rolls the tranquil waters of the Nile against the tomb of Mizraim. The world's great highway of commerce lies through the ancient land of Ramesis, and electric nerves make old mummied Egypt thrill with the vibrations of life from the busy marts of London and Liverpool, Paris and Marseilles.

The gate of Egypt is Alexandria—a city which has played a most important part in the history of the world. In the early Christian centuries it was a sort of later Athens or earlier Paris —the centre of an important commercial, political, intellectual, and religious life. It was one of the great sees of Christendom —taking precedence even of Rome. Here Greek philosophy made its last stand, and here the Greek Hypatia became its latest martyr at the hands of fanatical monks.

Alexandria is to-day a Babel of diverse nationalities and tongues. It has a population of about 200,000, 50,000 of whom are Europeans. But the Suez Canal has drawn off much of its trade to Port Said. In the time of its pomp and pride, it numbered half a million of inhabitants. At its deepest degradation it numbered only 5,000. Its revival dates from the vigorous administration of Mohammed Ali early in the present century. The most striking features on landing are the donkey boys, who

almost take possession of one by force. There are few remains of the ancient glory of Alexandria, and the traveller hastes away to the marvels and mysteries of Upper Egypt.

The railway to Cairo traverses the rich plains of the Delta—the ancient land of Goshen. One can easily understand how the Israelites in the desert longed for the flesh-pots and onions and garlic of Egypt. Cairo has a population of 400,000, a con-

WATERWHEEL.

siderable number being Jews, Greeks, Italians, French, German, and English. "The great charm of the city," says Dr. Schaff, "is its street life. It is as amusing, exciting, and bewildering as the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' and makes an indelible impression upon the traveller. It is a moving panorama of all nationalities, creeds, languages, and costumes, with a strong preponderance of the Oriental and semi-barbarous element. It is a perpetual carnival which defies description. The boulevards

of Paris, London Bridge, and New York Broadway are tame compared with it. The old houses are high and narrow, with upper stories projecting. The streets are covered with rafters and matting to keep out the sun, and are lined with open shops of every variety. They are alive with gaudily-dressed and half-dressed men and veiled women, water-carriers, pedlers of all kind of wares, braying donkeys, growling camels, barking dogs, horses and carriages—all jostling against each other in endless confusion. Every carriage is preceded by one or more fleet runners in short trousers, bare legs, and with a long staff to clear the way. (This custom explains many passages of Scripture.) The men wear the red fez or turbans of all colours. The green colour marks the descendant of the Prophet, or a pilgrim to Mecca. The women are imprisoned in long veils of silk or muslin, white, black, or blue, according to rank; the veil is divided about the forehead, and fastened with a pin of brass or silver, over the nose, so as to leave the dark, restless, and frightened eyes free to satisfy the curiosity." Our initial cut will give some idea of these strange scenes. As you emerge from the busy bustling city, you are carried back to the primitive usages of the times of Joseph. You see the same rude husbandry under which these fertile fields, age after age, have brought forth by handfuls —the fellah toiling after his uncouth plough, labouriously dragged by the patient oxen; and one hears the live-long day the creeking of the waterwheel, or sees the more tedious method of watering thirsty fields with the shadoof, shown in our engraving.

The chief glory of Egypt, however, is the Pyramids, which are situated in the immediate vicinity of Cairo. "It is a remarkable fact," says the philosophical Dr. Schaff, "that the grandest architectural achievements of men are usually found in level countries—as the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Ganges, Lombardy, the Netherlands—where they can display their vastness and majesty without fear of rivalry from the mightier works of God." It is a thrilling event in one's life when he first beholds the sharp wedge of pyramid piercing the sky, and feels that in the words of Napoleon, from their grey summits forty centuries look down upon him. There were once more than seventy of these giant structures, representing as many kings, in the valley of the Nile, on the borders of the desert. Some have entirely disappeared, and others are in a more or less ruined

condition. Their purpose is thus described by the judicious Schaff, whom we chiefly follow in this paper.* As soon as a king ascended the throne, he began to build his monument and sepulchre. He wished to reign even after his death. The size of the pyramid corresponded to the length of his reign. Each year added a new pile of limestone; higher and higher rose the structure the longer the monarch lived, until the top was reached,

THE SHADOOF.

and the royal tomb was covered with polished granite. Then the body of the dead monarch, carefully embalmed, was deposited in the stone sarcophagus, previously prepared in the interior of the building, and the access was closed. The pyramids thus became the massive and impentrable casings of a royal mummy.

**Through Bible Lands, Notes of Travel in Egypt, the Desert, and Palestine.* By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Illustrated. Price, $2.25.

All this care was taken that, after the soul had expiated its sins by a long course of transmigration through the lower animals, it might return and find its former tenement awaiting the long-wandering spirit, to live again in an immortal youth.

The most famous of these pyramids is that of Cheops, or the "Great Pyramid." It is certainly four, and probably five, thousand years old—the oldest and largest structure in the world. It is a mountain of stone, covering an area of thirteen acres, and rises 460 (formerly 479) feet in air—the loftiest structure in the world. It is computed to contain 6,848,000 tons of solid masonry. According to Diodorus, 360,000 workmen were employed for ten years in making the causeway for the conveyance of the stones, and twenty years more in building the great pyramid itself. "It tells," says Schaff, "a tale of tears and sorrow of a whole people, which groaned under the yoke of tyrants, and cursed their memory. And what did these 300,000 or more labourers get for their toil? Radishes, onions, and garlic, and nameless obscurity—for an inscription on the outside mentioned the quantity of these vegetables spent upon the labourers, and the amount of money it cost."

The smooth outer casing of the pyramids has been removed for the construction of Greek, Roman, and Sarcenic palaces and mosques. The different courses of stones make a series of gigantic steps, climbing toward the sky. By the help of brawny Arabs, stimulated by the promise of plentiful *backsheesh*, one is dragged up to the top, which is a platform about thirty feet square. "Here," says Schaff, "we enjoy a panorama without a a parallel in the world. The green garden of the Nile and the yellow desert, teeming life and boundless death, bordering on each other in startling contrast! The impressions are spiritualized by the historical associations which involuntarily pass before the mind's eye—Abraham, Joseph, Moses, the Exodus, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, of Cambyses and the Persians, of Alexander and the Ptolomies, of the Roman and Byzantine Emperors, of the Mohammedans and Saracens, of the Turks, of the Mamelukes, of Napoleon, of Mohammed Ali, and of the present Khedive. Never did I feel so deeply the spell of antiquity. 'All things fear time, but time fears the Pyramids.'"

The Doctor, with guides and torches, crawled through the narrow, dark, and slippery passages to the interior chamber,

containing the empty sarcophagus of Cheops, and was "overwhelmed with the mystery of death and eternity." Of the astounding theory of Professor Piazzi Smith, that this pyramid was built, probably by Melchizedeck, as a monument of the pure faith in the midst of surrounding idolatry, and as a revelation of the future, he says that it "is silently ignored by the first Egyptologists of the age as unworthy of serious notice," and as having no better foundation than the conjecture of the famous mediæval traveller, Sir John Mandeville, that the Pyramids were "the granaries of Joseph, built for the storage of grain for the years of famine!"

The Pyramids.

The most important ruins of the Land of Nile, however, are in Upper Egypt, a region once populous with great cities, and afterwards with thousands of monks. All the ruins of Europe will not equal for grandeur and extent those of "Hundred-gated Thebes"—the Hekatompylos Thebe of Homer, the No-Ammon of Scripture. They stretch for thirty miles on both sides of the Nile. Here are the magnificent temples of Luxor and Karnak—the latter two miles in circuit, surrounded by walls eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick. A magnificent portal 370 feet broad and 140 feet high, opens into a vast court, where is a forest of 120 majestic columns, 66 feet high and 36 feet in circumfer-

ence, and adorned with pictures and hieroglyphics. On a wall is a picture of the triumph of Shishak over Rehoboam, described in 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26, and a portrait of the latter labelled, "The King of Judah." "This is," says Dr. Schaff, "petrified history." Here are the two great colossi, immense statues rising 60 feet above the sand, and keeping still their untiring watch over the lapse of ages and the eclipse of Egypt."

THE OLDEST STATUES IN THE WORLD.

Still higher up are famous temples of Edfoo and Aboo Simbel, the latter with four statues of Rameses II., so colossal that his ear, mouth, nose, and every limb of his body has the size and weight of a separate statue. The great profusion of statues and paintings in these ancient temples and tombs bring vividly before us the ancient life of Egypt. We behold the husbandry, hunting, fighting, battles, and sieges of that strange old civilization, and even representations of the after-life of the spirit world. Some of these statues are the oldest examples of plastic art on the face of the earth. Such are those shown in the engraving on this page, in whose stony features are reproduced the strong forceful characters who have left on every side such an indelible impress of their might and energy. These figures are the por-

traits, as the inscription declares, of Ra-Hotess, a royal prince and "general of infantry," and of the Lady Nefer-t, his wife. They were found near Memphis, where they had thus kept their silent vigil, side by side, age after age, for thousands of years. "Nothing more wonderful and realistic," says the great art critic Fergusson, "has been done till the invention of photography." We can almost read the thoughts expressed by those features, which the artist had evidently caught from life.

OUR CHRIST.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

In Christ I feel the heart of God
  Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
  Renewed in beauteous birth,
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,
  From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
  To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
  May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet—
  Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Not my Christ only; He is ours;
  Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
  Dream of our dreams beyond—
What yet we shall be, none can tell;
Now are we His, and all is well.

NEW TESTAMENT CERTAINTIES; OR, SOMETHING TO BELIEVE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

One of the most striking features which separates and distinguishes the teachings of the New Testament from all other religious books that have ever appeared in the history of the pagan and unchristian world, is found in the tone of grand and solemn *certainty*, which permeates and vitalizes all those teachings from beginning to end. When compared in this respect, with the spirit and actual condition of the age in which those Christian books were produced and given to the world, the contrast is wonderful indeed, and the true and satisfactory explanation of this immense difference can only be found in the Divine and supernatural factor, which those memorable and imperishable documents claim to possess. Looking at the religious literature and the general currents of contemporaneous thought of that distant time, as far as they can be ascertained from the standpoint of historical testimony, it is clear beyond a doubt, that on all the great and vital themes, of a spiritual and religious kind, a wide and universal uncertainty prevailed, an agonizing doubt was in the very air, and millions of the race lived and died amid surrounding darkness and ever-gathering and deepening gloom. That first "imperial century" of the Christian era, was not, however, by any means an intellectual desert, nor was it without a mental capital and inheritance of the richest and most valuable kind. It was the time when a brilliant constellation of superior and kingly minds rose in those orient skies, and sent forth a light which lessened to some extent, the vastness of the misery and unrest which abounded on every hand.

From about 100 B. C. we find, on the highest authority, the time in which the best and wisest thoughts of all the earlier philosophers were collected and taught; and then arose the greatest and grandest names of the Roman Empire. Cicero tells us that never had such a number of illustrious men lived as at that period. There were critics, orators, poets, philosophers, and historians. It was the age of Terence, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Livy, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Cleopatra, and the Em-

peror Augustus. A little later we find Philo, the Alexandrian Jew and Platonic philosopher; Seneca, the moral philosopher; Appion, of Alexandria, called the Trumpet of the World; Pliny, Flaccus, Apollonius, Epictetus, Tacitus, and other names of note; and yet with all this galaxy of distinguished men, the age referred to was deluged with one tremendous sea of doubt, and a midnight of religious darkness spread its pall of gloom over the highest and brightest noonday that pagan civilization has ever seen. The ancient philosophies had culminated in a skepticism, materialism, and atheism of the barest kind.

The confessions of many of those men in their search after truth, are significant enough, and confirm the Biblical declaration that man by searching cannot find out God. Marcus Aurelius was wise and studious. "Yet with all this," says Mr. Arnold, "he was agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond." "What torments us," exclaims Tacitus, "is not the tempest but the nausea!" "Give me new consolation, great and strong, of which I have have never heard or read," was Pliny's earnest prayer. "The philosophers of the Academy," says Cicero, "affirm nothing. They despair of arriving at any certain knowledge." "Before this date," says an able writer on comparative religions, "had Polybius, Strabo, Plato, and Aristotle made confessions of universal doubt and dissatisfaction; they all seemed to stand in the presence of the deepest questions of life and destiny, like the white marble effigy of the man at Pere la Chaise, with the shroud for his garment, and his fore-finger placed upon his lips. Those men of high intellectual ability and reputation had no grand, consolatary answers to give to the piteous notes of interrogation which broke upon them on every hand. The language of one of the Greek poets seems to embody the acknowledgments of all those ancient seekers after truth:

> "Except the gods themselves to thee unveil,
> Search as thou wilt the world, thou seek'st in vain."

How sad and dreary is the wail of disappointment that comes up from all the spaces and histories of all religions of a mere natural and human make! How heart-rending is that "muffled moan of baffled hopes," as it finds its cold and wintry way through all the far-stretching times of pagan gloom! In spirit, if not in words, multitudes of those distant days have sighed and said—

"Could I find a path to follow,
Ah! how glad I were and blessed."

Coming up from this first century to the age in which we live, and looking at the bold negations and confessions of many of the apostles of unbelief, we feel that the difference between the new paganism and the old is very little indeed. Guided by the professed representatives of unchristian thought and modern denial, we feel ourselves adrift upon a wide ocean of speculations and guesses, with no grand, living voice, speaking to us through the darkness and the storm, on the questions which no power can hush, or bury from the sight of earnest, thinking, enquiring men. Nature, as of old, is all but silent, and over all the schools of a cold materialism there roll great banks of cloud, which all their masters, with every equipment of an atheistic kind, cannot for a moment remove or dispel. In the presence of those questions, old as humanity, and surrounded by the sins and sorrows of earth's troubled millions, they are worse than dumb, for their teachings, instead of pointing to some friendly shelter from the storm of doubt which they have raised, offer nothing but a shameless mockery in the hours of man's lorn and crying need.

How refreshing to the spirit is the transition, from the gloomy regions of uncertainty and doubt, both of the ancient and modern worlds, to a Book which carries on its face the stamp of a divine and supreme authority, and which sounds and rings with the grandest and most consolatory certainties from the commencement to its closing page! What an immense relief to the heart, tossed and torn by conflicting emotions, and wandering through the dreary lands where nothing but dead hopes and a cold black despair are found, does this cherished volume afford! Coming within the radiant circle of New Testament teaching, a new atmosphere at once is found, and a bright and joyous tone breathes through all its pages from first to last. Here is something to believe; something which responds to the solemn enquiries and needs of humanity, in the most triumphant and satisfying way. Emerging from the bewildering doubts and speculations of practically heathen men, we stand upon the rock of certainty, and above the tumult and fury of the storm, we hear a voice, clear and divine, saying, "Peace be still!" Here we stand in the presence of a Teacher, who breaks the silence, which for innumerable years has hung aroung the great and solemn

themes of life and destiny; and on all the subjects which relate to the deep spiritual needs of universal man, He speaks with all the ease and readiness, which an absolute and perfect knowledge alone could impart.

A religious system which admits of no intelligent conception or definition, and whose foundation-truths cannot with certainty be ascertained, is not the religion which can satisfy the requirements of reasonable and enquiring minds. To point erring, sorrowing, and sinful men, to a book of probabilities or guesses, with no grand and satisfying realities or facts upon which they may lean in the times of need, is only a delusion and a mockery of the basest and cruelest kind. What the great struggling human world requires, is a Gospel which rests its sublime and consolatory contents, not upon the creation of some splendid or brilliant dream, but upon a foundation of facts and certainties, which shall remain unmoved amid all the changes and upheavals connected with this scene of earth and time. Such is the basis upon which Christianity is built, and its divine and historic foundations can never pass away.

What we claim in connection with the teachings of the New Testament is, that the facts and doctrines which are its glory and its crown, can be enumerated and presented in an intelligible manner to every honest, and unprejudiced mind. They do not hang in the cloudland of doubt or probability, nor do they appeal to a poor mawkish sentimentality for their perpetuation, but stand out before all time, bearing upon them the stamp of an authority and assurance, nothing less than supernatural and divine. Among the facts, doctrines, and revelations which distinguish the New Testament books, and which carry with them this element of an indisputable and glorious certainty, may be mentioned the following, viz.:—The existence and gracious character of the invisible and eternal God; the infallibility of His Word; the Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ; the existence, personality, and power of the Holy Spirit; the absolute necessity of the new birth; and the tremendous evil of sin. These are all set forth in the most certain and absolute way. Then there is no uncertainty as to the glorious truth that salvation is all of grace, that we are saved instrumentally by faith in Jesus Christ, and that around this human life there is found a responsibility of the most important and solemn kind. With reference

to the Saviour's life, death, resurrection, ascension, and all the miraculous facts contained and recorded in the Gospel history, there is not the faintest shadow of a doubt. Here the dark veil, which has hung between the two worlds, and which human hands could not part, has been rent in twain, and the future everlasting conditions of the saved and the lost, are set forth in the most certain and impressive manner. These are the essential and fundamental contents of the Christian faith, and in them we find the only answer that has ever been given to the piteous cries that have fallen from human lips in every age and clime. Here humanity can find the bread which can satisfy its spiritual hunger, and a shelter in which it may find a refuge in the hours of darkness and of storm. Here are stars of hope which no night of time can ever darken, and fields of spiritual delight, upon which the celestial sunshine ever falls.

The effect of this Religion of Certainty upon the men of the apostolic age, was of the most blessed and wonderful kind. The difference between their speech on the great matters of life and destiny, when compared with the tone and speech of the very princes of pagan thought, was as wide as the poles asunder; the one was clear, inspiring, and full of hope and power, while the other was weak and impotent in the presence of those vital questions, which like some immense rock have lain on the great heart of humanity.

And it could not be otherwise. When there are no deep and influential convictions, flourishing and moving in the soul, a true and noble speech is impossible. The words that do not rest upon the bed-rock of hard facts, and which are spoken by men who are adrift on the sea of speculation and of doubt, are cold as the falling snow, and "hollow as if a dead man spake." Oh, how strangely the confident language of those apostolic men sounded forth amid the noise and din of that restless and gloomy world! How sweetly it fell upon many a troubled heart, which had waited in weariness and pain for the assuring and healing word! To such it was a message of the most inspiring kind, and amid the moans, and lamentations of that pagan age, such teachings sounded forth with a music richer than all human strains, and more soothing far than the sound of beautiful bells at evening time.

And what a steadiness, and far-reaching power this Gospel of

Certainity gave to the ministry of that earlier time! Feeling that their feet were resting upon immovable foundations, and that within the clasp and embrace of a living faith were realities of the most glorious kind, they went forth with a bravery which nothing could daunt, and with determinations and hopes which only a religion of actualities and facts has the power to bestow.

And is it not indisputably true, that the vast amount of Christian work that has been performed, and the magnificent results which have been achieved in the past, and especially during the present century, have been the outcome of purposes and plans, framed by that portion of the Church which has had something definite to believe, and which has held to a theology in which the precious element of assurance has ever been found. A survey of the progressive schemes, which have been started for the evangelization of the world, and also of the sacrifices which have been made, in order to reach the final ends contemplated in those wide and universal plans, points unmistakably to the evangelical portion of the Church, as the main or principal agent in all this great and noble work.

The career of those bodies who have let go the anchor of Christian certainty, has generally been a career sadly wanting in all the results for which the Gospel exists; and the effect of an ever-shifting creed has had a paralyzing influence on all the religious energy and machinery which have been under its control. Whenever any section of the Church has hoisted flags and sailed away from the well-ascertained verities and divinely-established moorings of the New Testament faith, the capacity of such a Church for vigourous, aggressive Christian work, has been immediately lessened, and both ministry and people have found, to their sorrow, that the blinding mists of an ever-increasing doubt have settled upon them, shutting out the warm and beautiful sunshine which a religion of assurance and unshaken certainty alone can give. The history of all such defections and departures would seem to point out to us the fact, that when our feet leave the rock of Gospel truth and assurance, we at once strike the shifting sands of doubt and enter upon an incline which leads down to an abyss of bewildering despair, black and dreary as the very regions of the dead. In Germany this statement has found an illustration of the widest and most impressive kind. Having yielded great and fundamental points in the

Christian system, the drift was swift and rapid into the chaos to which a skeptical rationalism inevitably leads. The time came when nearly all the leading universities and seats of learning were deluged with infidelity, and the moral effect upon the German mind was of the most injurious and ruinous kind. Many of the leading scholars of the nation pointed out the utter despair which was coming upon the people, in all religious matters, so that a rebound came in time to save the nation from plunging into the dark abyss to which a cold and heartless materialism had brought it. At the present time, it is said, that out of the thirty universities of that most learned land, only one is called rationalistic. If poison has come from Germany, Germany has furnished, and is now furnishing, the most potent antidotes to all kinds of unchristian speculation and unbelief now circulating in different lands. Notwithstanding the popularity, and energy of certain infidel pens, the world is getting tired of the worn-out coin of baseless assumptions, and is asking as never before for a book, in which is found the answer to the soul's deep cry, an answer which is marked by an authority and certainty nothing less than supernatural and divine.

GAGETOWN, N.B.

A PRAYER.

LORD, who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to Heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in Thy treasury
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

—*Southey.*

SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGIOUS FAITH.

BY THE REV. JAMES AWDE, B.A.

SOME of the most perplexing questions that meet us relate to the mysteries of faith. With a mind profoundly reflective, and the swift intuitive visions of genius, Shakespeare, doubtless, saw how momentous and how difficult are those religious problems which, in every age, demand investigation and solution. And in his warm sympathy with the thoughts and needs of living men, he was, no doubt, led to ponder those vital subjects in which all have so deep an interest. For in his day, as in our own, God, the Infinite, the Hereafter, and the Spiritual were matters of inquiry and of thought.

Shakespeare is distinguished among our literary Titans for his firm hold upon practical life; but he is, in no sense, a materialist. While he heartily believes in worldly success, he never preaches that "gospel of dirt" which called forth the scathing lightning of Carlyle's passionate denunciation. Shakespeare is not, as no great poet can be, a mere secularist. The swallow which, at eventide, executes, with swift wing, her graceful evolutions, cannot charm us with her skilful movements while shut in a narrow cage. So no great poet has ever been able to plume the eagle wings of fancy and passion for loftiest flight while confined in the straight places of Agnosticism and Materialism. The poet, who speaks the universal language of the human heart, must needs see deeper into the spiritual and know more of the unknown than other men. This is exemplified in all literatures. The immortal bards of all nations, David the Hebrew poet, Homer the sublime Greek, Virgil the graceful Roman, Dante the great Italian, Burns the Scot, Moore the Irishman, Milton the Englishman, and Longfellow the American, all hold and express the potential and imperishable faith of man, a faith which, while men come and go, "flows on forever."

True, no formula of faith can be found in Shakespeare's poems. But through many of them runs a spiritual conviction, stronger and deeper than can be expressed in an orderly dogmatic confession of faith. Such convictions ever find their most impressive utterance not in the cold forms of logic, but in the fervid

unrestrained language of poetry. The question has been proposed—"Was Shakespeare religious?" After the Puritan model, it is to be feared he was not always a strictly religious man, but the intelligent reader who can study the more earnest writings of this poet without being morally braced and elated lacks either poetic insight or moral purity. The suspicion has been whispered that Shakspeare was a skeptic because he appears indifferent to the religious controversies of his day. But no poet can be, at the same time, a polemic. He may be both by turn, but the two spheres are, in the last analysis, distinct. The work of the polemic is to show the antagonism of the true to the false, that of the poet is to illuminate the truth. The polemic may deal with transient opinion, the poet must touch the substratum of reality or the music of his verse will soon be hushed in oblivion. Shakespeare was too completely absorbed in his own work to be drawn aside into partisan conflicts. Too sweet was his spirit to relish the heat and bitterness of petty controversy. The England of Elizabeth was free from alien prince and priest, and this was enough for him. Let others contend over genuflections and liturgies. How could the "myriad-minded" heed the tempest in the teapot while he was rocked in the cradle of the deep? Moreover, the poet did not cherish a very warm admiration for many of the leaders in the strife. A learned bishop had called Shakspeare "an inspired idiot." Is it any marvel if the bard has put a keen point upon some of the shafts which he, half in jest and half in earnest, hurls at the ecclesiastic? He wastes little love upon the worldly-minded clergy. They had employed the drama with ill-success, it must be confessed, as a means of religious instruction, and now, many of the stricter sort, not without reason, looked askance at Shakespeare's craft. He, on the other hand, seldom leaves us in love with his prominent churchman. He makes us pity and despise them. His picture of Wolsey, the politic and purse-proud prelate, treading the paths of glory, sounding all the depths and shoals of honour, and falling by that mad ambition which hurled the angels from their seats, is a sweeping condemnation of worldliness on the chief seats of the synagogues. With a similar spirit and aim he describes the quarrel of Gloucester and the Bishop of Winchester. The poet's contempt for the petty broils of the mere ecclesiastic flashes out in the words of Somerset—

> "Ay, see this bishop be not overborne,
> Methinks, my lord should be religious,
> And knows the office that belongs to such."

And again in the gentler speech of the king—

> "My Lord of Winchester,
> Who should be pitiful if you be not?
> Or who should study to preserve a peace
> If holy churchmen take delight in broils?"

"Was Shakespeare a Protestant or Catholic?" others have inquired, and as both parties have claimed him it would seem impossible to determine this question from his writings. But through his poems breathes the free, exultant spirit of the Reformation, the spirit which in Knox thunders the truth in Scottish temple, and in Luther travels to Worms in the face of men and fiends. We may safely conclude that in the matter of religion Shakespeare stood with the people of England, and where they stood let history determine. Curiosity may prompt us to ask which side Shakespeare would have chosen had he lived in the days of the first Charles and Cromwell. But the same age which produced Milton could not also have given birth to a Shakespeare, for the poet is, in a great measure, the product of his own age. Certainly *our* Shakespeare could not have written Lord Clarendon's "History of The Rebellion," for it is too partial, nor Milton's "Eikonoklastes" for it is too fierce and ungenerous; but he would have applauded the "Areopagitica," Milton's defence of the freedom of the press as an eloquent vindication of the rights of the whole people. No sect or party claims his sympathy except as it is genuinely human. He is neither Puritan nor Cavalier, but he keeps aloof from the sour aspect of the one and the frivolous revelry of the other, while he expresses a warmer sympathy and broader charity than either. With little of the form his writings embody the essence of religious faith.

Shakespeare was a believer in *the endless life of man.* Perhaps in none of his great characters has he so clearly shown us his own mental habits as in Hamlet. Through the Danish prince the reflective Shakespeare utters the firm conviction—

> "Why, what should be the fear?
> I do not set my life at a pin's fee,

> And for my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal as itself."

And in the famous soliloquy we see, not Hamlet, a creation of fancy, but Shakespeare, a real man, in a thoughtful and melancholy mood; assailed by doubt, but holding to the fact of immortality; or rather being held by it, as by an unseen power, to the rough and thorny path of duty—

> "To die;—to sleep;—
> To sleep! perchance to dream;—Ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause. There's the respect
> That makes calamity of so long life."

More manifest still is the poet's belief *in spiritual existence.* His pictures of spiritual apparitions are more than ghost stories. The spirits, fairies, and witches in his plays are personalities or realities of that unseen land which is peopled by millions of spiritual beings. They represent factors and forces in human life. His father's ghost appears to Hamlet, but this is a vivid way of teaching that the influence of those departed, whom we have loved or hated, still follows us, that they "being dead yet speak." The ghost of Banquo appears to Macbeth at the feast, taking the vacant place at the table, and this is the poet's way of proclaiming that Banquo is yet a living man, and most of all to Macbeth who has murdered him. Brutus sits down in his tent to read, when he is startled by a footstep on the threshold. Looking up he sees the ghost of Cæsar enter. He questions the apparition which informs him they shall meet again at Philippi, and then vanishes. Here we are reminded that while the body of Cæsar fell lifeless at the foot of Pompey's statue, Cæsar has another life, real and potent, which no dagger can destroy or impair. It is this which extorts from Brutus the confession—

> "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet;
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails."

To Shakespeare the spiritual are the enduring life-forces. To the modern materialist he everywhere testifies—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

The most cursory reader will discern Shakespeare's faith in the providence of God. Familiar as household words are the lines—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

But in the determination of fortune and misery does he see nothing but the ebb and flow of certain tidal waves? No, he perceives that the floods and shallows depend upon the movements of the earth and the attraction of the moon and sun. But beyond sun and satellite, fixing their places, weighing them in His balance, measuring their attractive energy, and controlling all the tides of fortune and disaster, he beholds the supreme Providence. In his own imperishable lines—

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Faith in man and the future life of man, faith in God and in the wise and beneficent providence of God, faith in spiritual verities and in their practical influence upon human life, such is the serene and lofty confidence of Shakespeare; a faith which no creed or party can limit, the faith of humanity.

Here then the greatest poet, the broadest-minded man, and the best interpreter of the facts of human nature, in the whole range of literature, testifies that the creed of secularism is too narrow and too feeble to meet the needs of men. The materialistic hypothesis is an unsound philosophy of life. Unbelief, when passive, is a negation, when active, a destructive force. It smites with paralysis the finer powers of the individual life. It stalks abroad, in society, waving a torch for burning but bringing no hammer for building. Our poet is a builder. He puts some wood, hay, and stubble into his structure, but even this is better than wrapping everything in a destructive conflagration. He sees the secular life, but he sees more. These broken fragments of action are projected into the unseen. Man moves not in a circle like a mill-horse, nor in an ellipse like a planet each year repeating its little orbit, but in a path which, like the infinite curve of the conic section, is never repeated, but sweeps onward forevermore. This faith

in the unseen and infinite is necessary to high character and achievement. The unbeliever is a timid sailor, creeping along the coast in his frail bark, and never venturing out of sight of land. The man of faith is a Columbus, embarking upon the untried ocean, deaf to the laughter of the incredulous, facing the stormy deep and the mutiny of despairing seamen, and fixing his eye upon an unknown and unseen continent until he sets his foot upon the isle of salvation, the threshold of a new world. Thrice blessed, in any line of action, is the man of clear vision, and strong faith. "All things are possible to him that believeth."

STANSTEAD, *April, 1882.*

"HE KNOWS."

I SEE not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy will clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think—
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
But if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand upon the brink.

It may be that He is keeping,
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, happy, blissful ignorance!
'Tis better not to know;
It keeps me still in the gentle arm
That will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the breast that loves me so.

—*Grace and Truth.*

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

BY MISS J. C.

"Their blood was shed
In conformation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies,
Yet few remember them, they lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven."

When forming plans how to spend a visit of a few weeks to the "land of the mountain and the flood," while it was a long-settled point that a few days must be given to Edinburgh with its every street full of romantic interest and historical reminiscences, that the lake scenery described by the "Wizard of the North" must be seen, whatever else might be neglected, it was no less fully determined that one day must be sacred to a visit to "a country churchyard" which contained a tombstone, heard of years ago as pointing out "the martyr's grave." Often in childhood had the words of the inscription been quoted from memory in my hearing. These martyr's graves are found scattered over the south-west of Scotland, not always in the sacred precincts of the churchyard, but on the road or hillside, in fertile field, on barren moor, or heathery slope. A martyr's grave! What thoughts come trooping into the mind at the word! First the days of the early Christian martyrs, in the arena cast to savage animals by no less cruel men, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The inscriptions of those Catacombs under the Eternal City keep alive many an affecting story of these times. Milton's grand lines—

"Avenge, oh, Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,"

tell of suffering in fair France and Piedmontese Valleys. What a story could be told were the secrets of the inquisition of France and Italy disclosed! Some of our historians give great prominence to the three hundred victims in England in the reign of

Mary, but these sink into insignificance before the hosts who suffered in the Netherlands in the gigantic struggle with Philip of Spain, when it is certain that at the least calculation 50,000 (some historians put the number as high as 100,000) were either burned, hanged, beheaded, or buried alive, rather than yield to their religious convictions. On our own Canadian soil we find members of the Church so often before and since the persecutor, in their turn taking the *rôle* of the martyr; the heroic Fathers Lalement, Jogues, and Brebœuf, in their efforts to Christianize the red man, endured torments equal to any ever invented by Spanish cruelty. Then in later times the rock of Madagascar, and again our Canadian band of missionaries and missionaries' wives have furnished, too, martyrs more than one, as Erromanga and other spots can tell. And then the words come up, "After this I beheld and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues stood before the Lamb clothed with white robes." In answer to the question, "Who are they in white robes?" came the reply, "These are they which have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

While the worst persecutions occurred in England, France, and Holland in the sixteenth century, these martyrs now referred to were a century later, during the twenty-eight years of persecution in the reigns of Charles and James. The strange character to whom the name Old Mortality was given (his real name was Robert Paterson) devoted thirty years of his life, no doubt to the dismay of his wife and family, to wandering round the country with his old white horse, repairing or erecting tombstones to these victims, so that through these three or four counties of Scotland it is supposed that every one of these inscriptions to our one hundred martyrs, owes something to his hammer and chisel. It is a sad thought that this old man who died in 1801, at the age of eighty-six, who laboured so many years to keep alive the memory of others has not himself any record, as the place of his burial is not known.

Many of these inscriptions show how fond the people of those days were of epitaphs in verse, rough and rude indeed, and showing their hatred of oppression and sometimes the narrowness of the bigot; for these stern enthusiasts were not always meek, meekness not being a virtue always produced by

oppression. The different effects of persecution have often been discussed. In the early ages of the Christian Church the bitter persecutions suffered only developed greater enthusiasm and boldness—

> "They never fail who die
> In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
> Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle wall,
> But still their spirit walks abroad."

In later days we see the natural effects ; bigotry and intolerance begetting bigotry and intolerance, intensified tenfold. While there is no doubt that some of Sir Walter Scott's charges against the Covenanters were true, we must not forget that from his intense devotion to the Stuart family and admiration of the loyalty and chivalry of Montrose and Claverhouse, the eager defender of the latter allowed himself to use harsh and sneering words in speaking of the sufferings of these men and women for their religious belief. It must be remembered, however, in justification of either party that the word toleration was almost unknown. William the Silent in his great struggle a century before that date, struck a tone, a key-note higher than any of his contemporaries, when in defence of Protestant principles he proposed by the Pacification of Ghent to offer to his opponents a free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and thus was looked on with suspicion and distrust by his friends as unfaithful to the Protestant cause. In New England, Puritans condemning men to the whipping-post and prison for not attending church twice a day was the natural growth of the intolerance which drove these sturdy pioneers to a place free from the oppressor, but, alas ! the oppressed soon became the oppressor in turn.

But all this time our martyr's grave is still unfound. A beautiful day and a most delightful drive past fields of newly-mown hay, through the quiet village street, past old castles, each with its story of Border wars, English invasion, or civil strife. At last the churchyard was reached, and after finding some stones erected to those of kindred dust, a search was instituted for the martyr's grave, at first without any success. There were in our party two elderly men, who enjoyed, even with schoolboy delight, the day's holiday. As they went from grave to grave, where—

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

deciphering sometimes on hands and knees the lines, "penned by the unlettered muse," many a doubt was expressed as to what could have become of the object of our search. It surely could not have been removed. At last the mystery was explained by an old man near. Some time ago on the death of one of the same name, presumably a descendant of the martyr, permission was asked to bury in this grave, either from the crowded state of the ground or from some idea of this spot being holier than any other. Consent was given on condition of copying the inscription of the now defaced and broken stone on the other side of the new monument, and so we found a stone with an inscription on each side. Here are the exact words—

"I, Matthew McIlwraith, in this parish of Cohonell,
By bloody Claverhouse I fell,
Who did command that I should die
For owning Covenanted Presbytery;
My blood a witness here doth stand
'Gainst all defection in this land. 1685."

These rugged lines commemorate the death of one of the many who were shot down, without any examination, for the troopers were thus allowed to perform all the functions of an ecclesiastical court, in this summary manner. A monument, a few miles from this spot, give the names of two men who were chased over the hill-side; when Bibles were found on their persons this was considered a proof positive of their principles. They were shot down, their bodies left where they fell. What a commentary on these times! No man dared come to bury them; but at night two women ventured out and performed this sad office.

When an hour or two had been spent in this spot, during which the lines of that unequalled composition, describing another country churchyard, kept repeating themselves in our mind. In the presence of these sometimes rude tablets how appropriate seemed the words—

"Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth lines and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

We now resumed our ride which led by the seashore, "the restless seething sea," monotonous and yet ever-changing. One wild Atlantic storm has been here commemorated, a monument erected by the subscription of the congregation, bears a very different inscription to the last. Here are the words which record the loss of captain and crew—

"Ye passengers, whoe'er you are,
As ye pass on this way,
Disturb ye not this small respect
That's paid to sailors' clay."

On one side rose Knockdohan Hill, on the other rising from the sea, Ailsa Craig, "that rocky ocean pyramid;" the two so much resembling each other in shape as to have originated the tradition that his Satanic majesty, in carrying the twin mountains, succeeded in conveying one to its destination on land, but dropped the other in the spot where it now rears its head—

"A sea-girt precipice in lonely rest
Upstarting sheer from out the dark green deep."

Some of the residents keep up the tradition of there being an underground connection between the twin mountains, one on land, the other with its thousands of seabirds answering the moan and roar of the angry waves—

"Its huge bulk
Like some great stranded hulk
Left there by Noah's flood."

To us with our broad, deep, and rapid rivers, these little streams, intersecting the country in every direction, were a constant source of wonder. In this one drive we saw the Duisk, Doon, Muick, Stinchar. Indeed our conveyance drove down into the latter stream and we crossed its pebbly bed. Returning some of us walked over the narrow bridge for foot passengers. Craigneil, Pemohirry, Knockdohan, Carleton Castles, all were passed and all more or less in ruins. In many of the fields the grass cut, perhaps two weeks ago, still lay quite unfit for taking in, in this summer of almost constant rain. The question often was suggested: How much more are our Canadian farmers with their exceptionally fine harvesting weather, addicted to grumbling

than those suffering from one of their many bad seasons. Does this spring from the religious views of the country or from a stronger sense of God's over-ruling hand in directing the weather, or did it spring merely from despair? Certain it is that scarcely any grumbling was heard. Our road lay for some time by the seashore, then we reached a height called Gamesloup, the scene of the old ballad commemorating the deserved fate of a more modern Bluebeard, who had married and disposed of seven wives for their money and jewels. This is how the story runs—

"Fause Sir John a wooing came
To a maid of beauty rare,
May Culzean was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.
* * * *
He's got on and she's got on
As fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonely part
A rock above the sea.
'Light down, light down,' says fause Sir John,
'Your bridal bed you see,
Here have I drowned seven ladies fair,
The eighth one you shall be;
Cast off, cast off your jewels fine,
Cast off your silken gown,
They are over fine and over costly
To rot in the salt sea-foam.'
He turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf of the tree,
She has twined her arms around his waist
And thrown *him* into the sea.
'Now lie you there, thou fause Sir John,
Where ye thought to lay me,
Baith life and claes ye would have ta'en,
Your claes ye have gotten with thee.'
* * * *
So she went on her father's steed
So fast as she could gae,
And she came to her father's house
Before it was break of day."

The sea tells naught of this savage tale and shows no trace of the mouldering bones of old Sir John thus cast down by mingled craft and strength.

It cannot be far from here that another scene was enacted in

which the sea acted as executioner to more cruel men. In the session-book of Penninghame is recorded the death of Margaret Wilson, the virgin martyr of Scotland, condemned to be tied to a stake till the advancing tide slowly strangled her. Think of it, ye fathers of fair-haired girls as ye tenderly care for your darlings! This Gilbert Wilson, the father, conformed to the religion of the times, but his children of thirteen, sixteen, and eighteen, refusing, were arrested, charged with attending conventicles and being guilty of the rebellion at Bothwell Bridge, when one of them could only have been eight years old. All were condemned to death; the youngest was only saved by the father walking all the way to Edinburgh and binding himself down under a penalty of £100 to produce her any time when called upon. This is the inscription to her sister who, with as unfaltering firmness as that of the old woman at her side, suffered for her faith :—

"Here lies Magaret Wilson, daughter of Gilbert Wilson, in Glenvoirloch, who was drowned anno 1685, aged 18.

Let earth and stone still witness bear
There lies a virgine martyr here,
Murthered for owning Christ supreme
Head of His Church, and no more crime.
But not abjuring Presbytery
And her not owning prelacy.
They her condemned by unjust law,
Of heaven nor hell they stood no awe,
Within the sea tyd to a stake
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake.
The actors of this cruel crime,
Were Lagg, Strachan, Wuiram, and Grahame,
Neither young years nor yet old age
Could stop the fury of their rage."

The Grahame here mentioned was Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, the "Bonnie Dundee" of the song, who showed his attachment to his king no less in executing these cruel decrees, than in his death on the victorious field of Killiecrankie for the same king when in exile and deserted even by his own children. In looking at the handsome, refined looking face it seems impossible that so unrelenting, so cruel a soul could inhabit so fair a form.

We may well hide our heads when we think of those times,

of how those men, women, and children suffered cold and hunger on the hillside and lonely cave, imprisonment, starvation, torture, and death often with circumstances of great barbarity. How many of us in these latitudinarian days of weak-kneed Christianity could stand such a test? How little do we do? How little deny ourselves? A short pleasing service in our comfortably-cushioned churches, instead of the hours on the damp or frozen heather, perhaps to be arrested before the close of the service. An hour at the Sunday-school or prayer-meeting, a little given to missionary purposes, a little which we can well spare, when, perhaps, ten times the amount is spent in luxuries or weak indulgence. Perhaps we refrain from the dance or theatre and think we are doing God service, forsooth. Oh, for a little of the burning zeal which fired the hearts of these martyrs! Then would the world indeed become the Lord's. Let us be thankful for the liberty of conscience, we now enjoy, purchased indeed by blood freely poured out. Truly others have laboured and we have entered into their labours.

"THY WORD IS TRUTH."

THY Word is Truth—supremest verity—
The key to universal harmony—
    The richest melody of heaven.
The truth of God and of eternity—
The truth of Heaven and Heaven's felicity—
    The grandest truth to mortals given.

Sublimest truths! beyond the planet-thronged
Abyss, these verities divinely tongued,
    Like holy angels, soar and sing,
Of heaven and God—infinities divine—
Of universal nature—God's design—
    And all the bells of glory ring.

Most precious truths—they sing of heaven, our home,
Salvation from eternal sin-bought doom—
    Jehovah's most stupendous deed—
Of glorious mysteries from angels hid,
Of glorious scenes to earthly eyes forbid;
    Grand Word, from which all truths proceed.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XVI.—AUTUMN RECREATIONS.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.
—*Mrs. Whitman.*

THE mellow days of October soon swiftly passed. The great sweep of woodland on either side of the valley in which the village of Fairview nestled was ablaze with crimson, and scarlet, and purple, and gold. The fields stood reaped and bare. The great round pumpkins gleamed amid the yet ungathered corn that, plumed and tasseled like an Indian chief, rustled in the autumn wind. What a glorious beauty Nature wears "when autumn to its golden grandeur grows."

"How the forest glows and glares and flickers," said Lawrence, one sunny afternoon, "like Moses' bush, forever burning, ever unconsumed!"

"Nay," said Edith, "it seems to me rather like Joseph's coat of many colours, which his brethren dipped in blood and brought to the patriarch Jacob."

"Is not that tall ash tree," asked Lawrence, "like a martyr dying amid ensanguined flames?"

"It seems to me," replied Edith, "like the haughty Sardanapolus self-immolated on his funeral pyre; and see," she added, "how the tall poplars flare like great blazing torches in the wind."

"The world is very beautiful," said Lawrence, and going into the garden he sat down in a rustic seat, and in full view of the lovely lake, placid as a mirror, so clear and unruffled that the gorgeous islands seemed to float swan-like on the wave—each tint and shade reflected so perfectly in the water that it was difficult to discriminate between the substance and the shadow. After writing for a time in his note-book, he came back and read to Edith the following sonnets suggested by the scene:—

Still stand the trees in the soft hazy light,
  Bathing their branches in the ambient air ;
  The hush of beauty breatheth everywhere :
In crimson robes the forests all are dight.
Autumn flings forth his banner in the field,
  Blazoned with heraldry of gules and gold ;
  In dyes of blood his garments all are rolled,
The gory stains of war are on his shield.
Like some frail, fading girl, her death anear,
  On whose fair cheek blooms bright the hectic rose,
So burns the wan cheek of the dying year,
  With beauty brighter than the summer knows ;
And, like a martyr, 'mid ensanguined fires,
Enwrapped in robes of flame he now expires.

Like gallant courtiers, the forest trees
  Flaunt in their crimson robes with 'broidered gold ;
  And, like a king in royal purple's fold,
The oak flings largess to the beggar breeze.
Forever burning, ever unconsumed,
  Like strange portent of the prophet's bush,
  The autumn flames amid a sacred hush ;
The forest glory never brighter bloomed.
Upon the lulled and drowsy atmosphere
  Falls faint and low the far-off muffled stroke
Of woodman's axe, the school-boy's ringing cheer,
  The watch-dog's bay, and crash of falling oak ;
And gleam the apples through the orchard trees,
Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

"Why, you are quite a poet," said Edith, "I did not know that that was one of your accomplishments. I must crown you as the ladies crowned Petrarch at the capitol at Rome," and she placed on his head a wreath of the ivy green which clambered over the verandah.

"I am afraid I look more like an ox garlanded for the altar, than like a crowned poet," laughed Lawrence; "but it is now your turn to weave the tuneful verse. I am sure you can produce something far better than my humble lines."

"I am sure I could not," said Edith, "I never tried in my life. But for the fun of the thing I don't mind trying the first chance I get. What shall I write about?"

"What better subject can you have than this golden autumn weather, and the varied aspects and suggestions of nature?"

"All right," said Edith with a laugh. "Now give me a new

pencil, one that has never been profaned by any other task, and I'll begin first thing in the morning."

Alas! that she let the golden opportunity slip! Towards evening the clouds began to gather heavily round the setting sun, which went down lurid and red. With the night a cold and dreary rain-storm set in, and the wind howled drearily through the trees, and the waves made melancholy moan upon the shore. When Edith looked forth in the morning what a change had taken place! The ground was strewn with the dank and sodden leaves, but yesterday so gorgeous and gay. The autumn flowers half-wrenched from their stalks, looked forlorn and desolate. The leaden clouds hung low and drifted wildly over the lake upon whose leaden waters the "white caps" wildly careered. As Edith came to the breakfast-room she quoted forlornly Tennyson's lines:—

"My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves,
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
Heavily hangs the broad sun flower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock;
Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

"Oh, you've missed your chance!" said Lawrence, over his coffee and toast. "The inspiration of yesterday has gone forever."

After breakfast Edith retired to her little *boudoir*, and after a couple of hours came forth with the marks of tears on her face, and silently handed Lawrence some sheets of paper, on which was written the following—

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

Oh! how I loathe this sad autumn weather!
Clouds that lower and winds that wail;
The rain and the leaves come down together,
And tell to each other a sorrowful tale.

The beauty of Summer alas! has perished,
The ghosts of the flowers stand out in the rain—
The fairy flowers that we fondly cherished,
But cherished, alas, in vain, in vain!

The wind it wails, it wails forever,
Like a soul in pain and in dread remorse;
Like a murderer vile, whose pain can never
Cease, as he thinks of his victim's corse.

For the Summer now on her bier is lying,
Lying silent and cold and dead ;
And the sad rains weep and bewail her dying,
Over her drear and lowly bed.

Pallid and wan she grew; yet fairer
Than in richest wreaths of leafy green ;
The hectic flush on her cheek was rarer
Than ever is seen in health, I ween.

Thus all things fair, as they fade, grow dearer,
Dearer and fairer till hope has fled ;
We closer clasp, as the hour draws nearer,
That bears them forever away to the dead.

Through the grand old woods, a cathedral hoary,
The organ chant of the winds doth roll,
As bearing aloft to the realms of glory
On its billows of sound her weary soul.

Through the long-drawn aisles the dirge is swelling,
Orate pro Anima—pray for her soul;
Now *Gloria in excelsis*, welling
In fountains of music its waves do roll.

The clouds like funereal curtains lower
Darkly and heavily round her grave,
And the trailing vines of the summer bower
Like the plumes of a gloomy catafalque wave.

The fair young spruce, like a beauteous maiden
Heavily draped in weeds of woe—
A sorrowing soul—a nun, grief-laden,
Bears a dead weight at her heart, I know.

The dark-robed cypress, a gloomy friar,
Doth patter his prayers and count his beads ;
The sorrowful cedar, a saintly prior,
Doth fold around him his mourning weeds.

The loftly pines toss their plumes so sadly,
And chant aloud their dirge of woe ;
Now high and wild rise the notes, and madly
They wail—and now they are moaning low.

All nature grieves and weeps bemoaning
The fair, fond Summer, forever fled ;
And bends, in her sorrow inly groaning,
Over the bier of the early dead !

"Why," said Lawrence, "this is splendid. It reflects the gloom far better than mine did the glory of autumn. It is saturated through and through with its spirit of sadness. There are tears in every verse."

"I know I cried while I wrote them," said Edith, "and felt exquisitely miserable till I got them off my mind."

CHAPTER XVII.—LITERARY AMBITIONS AND HOME JOYS.

Tenet insanabile multo,
Scribendi cacoethes, et ægro in corde senescit.—*Juvenal.*
We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.—*Sidney Smith.*
To stay at home is best.—*Longfellow.*

But the gloomy autumn weather brought its compensations. The roads were so bad that Lawrence could not be much abroad, so he brought up his arrears of reading and study. He began to find, too, new joys in writing. About this time there fell in his way—and he devoured them with eagerness—Lecky's "History of European Morals," and Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." His meagre salary did not permit him to buy many books, except the commentaries, and other critical apparatus needful for his Biblical studies. But his old friend, the accomplished and scholarly Dr. Fellows, President of the Burgh Royal University, kindly placed at his disposal the above-mentioned volumes and others from his well-filled library. Lecky and Buckle, Draper and Spencer, were valuable to Lawrence, not for the information which they imparted, but for the antagonism that they aroused. They taught him to think for himself—to call no man master, in the servile sense, in the philosophy of history, and of mental and moral science. He, therefore, began to construct his own theories of intellectual development. He got down his books of history, his Grote and Gibbon, and Milman and Neander, littering up all the chairs and tables in the room, and began to read critically, to compare, and to write, till before he was aware he had a big pile of manuscript for which he had no name. Parts of it he read to Edith, and the whole of it he submitted to the examination of his early "guide, philosopher, and friend," Dr. Fellows. That much-enduring man, as if he had not enough of that sort of thing to do for the students of the

university, waded patiently through the heavy folios, carefully annotating, criticising, and making suggestions.

"Well, Temple," he said, when Lawrence, bashful and blushing, presented himself in the old college halls for the learned Doctor's opinion, "you are on the right track. Think for yourself. Fight it out with these fellows—no pun intended this time. Your essay reads quite like a review article. Furbish it up a bit and it will look first-rate in print. I've seen many a worse thing published."

"That's not saying much," said Lawrence, "I've seen dreadful rubbish in print myself. But I never thought of that; I only wrote because that I felt that I must."

"Well, keep it by you a year or two, read it over a dozen times, and write it out twice or thrice, and then if you think you've said anything new and true send it to the Editor of the *Transcendental Quarterly*, on its merits. On its merits, mind. Never ask any one to stand godfather to your writings. If they are worth having, the Editor will be glad to have them; if they are not, he is not the man for his place if he would print them at any price."

We may here remark proleptically, that a couple of years afterwards, Lawrence, having obeyed to the letter Dr. Fellows' half-jocular advice, did actually muster courage to send his manuscript to the famous Editor of the *Transcendental Quarterly Review*. After waiting about six months he received a brief note to the effect that his essay was accepted, and put on file for publication. After eighteen months more, he received a copy of the Review contain-in his article. It was the proudest moment of his life. He opened the volume, cut the leaves, glanced at the beginning, looked at the end, threw it down on the table that he might have the pleasure of taking it up casually as it were, and that he might experience the gentle surprise of coming upon his article as if by accident. Then, we are sorry to say, he counted the pages and began to compute what would be the probable cash value of his article. But he soon felt that this was a sordid thought, which he must banish from his mind. Then he went to the kitchen where Edith was preparing dinner.

"You said you were sure they would print it, you remember," he exclaimed, in a tone of exultation. "Well, you see they have," and he held the Review triumphantly toward her.

"Let me see it," she said, while she stopped peeling the pota-

toes, as if only ocular demonstration could satisfy her mind as to the fact.

"O Lawrence, it looks very nice," she exclaimed. "How beautifully it is printed. How much do you think they will give you for it, dear?"

"You mercenary creature!" Lawrence rather hypocritically exclaimed, for the same thought was in his own mind, and he had already ordered in imagination the new Cyclopædia he had been wanting so long.

"You shall read it to me after dinner, dear," she said, and went on with her work, for dinner must be prepared though the sky should fall.

But Lawrence could not wait that long; so going back to his study he settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair to read his own review article—which to him had just then greater attractions than the genius of both Shakespeare and Bacon together. Pardon him, friends! It is only once in a lifetime that a man can read his first review article. As he counted the pages once more it struck him that it did not make nearly so much as he had estimated that it would. Then as he began to read he missed some of his most striking phrases and strongest epithets. Then a long passage of particular eloquence which he had especially elaborated was altogether gone. He glanced over the rest of the article to see if it had got transposed. But no, it was gone, and the paragraphs on each side were changed as to make the omission less marked. Poor fellow, he had not quite so much pleasure in reading his essay to his wife as he had anticipated, and when at her suggestion he wrote, after an interval of three weeks, to inquire if he might draw on the publisher for the modest sum to which he thought himself entitled, he was somewhat chagrined to receive an answer to the effect that they never paid new contributors, only those who were on the regular staff.

Yet such was his infatuation with his pen that he did not quit his writing, but often spent at his desk many an hour when he ought to be in bed. Sometimes he received a polite *printed* note from the Editor to whom he sent his lucubrations, regretting that "his manuscript was unavailable for use" in the *Pacific Monthly*, or *Transcendental Quarterly*, as the case might be. But we believe that eventually he did succeed, after years of discipline, study, and practice, in getting his articles published in both these

periodicals, and got paid for them too, at a rate a little less than he used to receive for chopping down trees in the lumber camp on the Mattawa. This infatuation is something like the bite of the tarantula; whoso is bitten never gets over the effects, but must keep on the perpetual motion of his pen—the wasting of much good ink and spoiling of much good paper.

It is true Lawrence used to say that he found a real pleasure in bending over his desk half the day or night; that he never could think so well as when he had a pen in his hand; that his labour, like virtue, was its own exceeding great reward; that he felt himself amply repaid, though he did not receive a cent, in the self-education he obtained; and that he hoped he might do a little good where his voice could not be heard, and after it should be silent forever. But what sort of a world should we have if every one shared that infatuation? The world itself could not contain the books that would be written.

But all this is by way of anticipation. During the long dark November nights, when the roads were impassable, and the rain fell drearily without, Edith made her little parlour bright and beautiful, and Lawrence after a hard day's work in his study felt that he might indulge in a few hours' relaxation in lighter reading. Edith had resumed her studies in French and German, and had even began to spell her way through the adventures of Silvio Pelico, in Italian, and hoped soon to be able to read the great Tuscan bard of the Underworld and of Paradise. So when shut in from the outer world by "the tumultuous privacy of storm," she would read her afternoon's work to Lawrence, and he would rehearse his writing; and then while she deftly plied woman's potent weapon, the flying needle, he beguiled the swift hours by the sweetest songs of Longfellow and Tennyson, the Brownings and Whittier, and the other household poets whose dainty blue and gold volumes were a richer adorning of their little parlour, because of their noble suggestiveness, than the costliest ornaments that money could buy. Lawrence had always lived too busy a life, and had been too much engrossed in grave studies to indulge in the reading of fiction. Yet during those happy nights he often sat reading to an eager listener, the fascinating pages of the great Wizard of the North, and of the great satirist and great moralist—Thackeray and Dickens—although the melo-dramatic exaggeration of the latter pleased

them less than the admirable historic pageants of Scott, or the keen mental analysis and social dissections of Thackeray. Then an old-time ballad or a favourite hymn would close an evening of richer enjoyment than any gilded rout or brilliant ball that the tired devotees of fashion ever knew.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

> Beautiful in form and feature,
> Lovely as the day,
> Can there be so fair a creature
> Formed of common clay?
> —*Longfellow*—Masque of Pandora.

Sometime before Christmas Edith had written inviting her friend Nellie Burton, the American girl from Oil-Dorado, at the Wentworth Ladies' College, to pay her a visit at the holidays. She soon received the following very characteristic acceptance of the invitation :—

"I was just dying for some of the girls to ask me to go to their homes at Christmas, as mine was so far away," she wrote. "I never supposed that you would want an outsider to intrude on your honeymoon which was to last a whole year, you said. But when I got your kind invitation, I threw overboard several others that the girls gave me, and just jumped at yours. So if you are sure that I won't be *de trop*—in the way, you know—I will gladly come."

Lawrence accordingly met Miss Burton at the nearest railway station, and drove her out to Fairview, leaving her big Saratoga trunk to follow by stage. She was in wonderful spirits and chattered like a magpie, as if she had known Lawrence all her life, whereas she had only seen him once. As he was constitutionally somewhat grave, and was rather reserved in the presence of such fashionable ladies as Miss Burton, she had the talk almost entirely to herself. But so far from being embarrassed by that fact, it seemed to be the very thing she wanted; at least she made incessant use of her opportunity. She told Lawrence during their ten miles ride all about the college, and about her father's business, and about Oil-Dorado—what a "horrid" place it was, how everything smelt of oil, how "even her sugar tasted

of it, and she fancied she could see it floating on her tea." She was soon going to quit school forever, she informed him, and was going to Paris, and Rome, and Switzerland, "and all that, you know." But she was especially ecstatic over "dear delightful Paris."

"I'm to be presented at the Tuileries," she exclaimed. "Oh, our minister to France has got to fix it. That is what we keep him there for. I'll make father buy me lots of diamonds. And I will bring home six trunks of Worth's dresses, and I'll make father take a house on Madison Avenue, in New York, and Edith must come and make me a good long visit."

Lawrence smiled gravely at this rhapsody, and wondered how all these ideas got into the frivolous little head of his light-hearted companion. As he drew up to the door of the modest parsonage, she sprang from the "cutter" before he had time to assist her, and as Edith came out of the house she flung her arms about her and hugged and kissed and danced around her as if completely overjoyed.

And so she was. "She had to be so awfully proper at the college," she said, "that she wanted to make good use of her liberty while it lasted." She flounced into the little parlour, whirling round like a dancing dervish, and overturning with the train of her dress, which was unnecessarily long for travelling, a small easel in the corner.

"What a love of a place," she exclaimed. "How cosy you are here, and how happy you look," and she gave Edith another hug and kiss. Soon the old school companions—and no companionship is so strong and tender as that of school or college—were deep in confidences and reminiscences of their happy college days, with inquiries about school-friends and teachers, and the world of college gossip which is comprehensible only to the school-girl mind.

"How awfully grave that husband of your's is," said Nellie Burton, very frankly. "He never paid me a single compliment, and I had to do all the talking myself."

"Did you find that very difficult?" asked Edith with a smile. "And are you very much afraid of him?"

"No, indeed, I never saw the man yet that I was afraid of—although I came nearer being afraid of Dr. Dwight at the college than of anybody else. But I soon found that his bark was worse

than his bite, and I guess he rather liked me after all, though I never could get a smile out of him at any of my pranks."

When the big Saratoga trunk arrived, Miss Burton soon had it emptied on the bed, chairs, and floor of her room, and overwhelmed Edith with a number of presents from herself with thoughtful remembrances from her old college friends; among them,—and they were very characteristic of the giver—were a number of elegant *bonbonières* filled with choice French candies; and after these were opened she, child-like, was one of the best patrons of them herself. Her most appropriate presents were some handsome Christmas books for Edith, and a bronze inkstand—a figure of Thalia with a scroll—for Lawrence.

"Well, isn't she charming?" said Edith to her husband, the first time that they were together.

"She is very clever," replied Lawrence a little dubiously, "but she is a feather-headed, rattled-brained creature."

"She hints that you were not very gallant," said Edith with a laugh, "that you never complimented her once, and that she had to do all the talking herself."

"She didn't give me a chance," replied he; "but I don't mind telling you that I think her very pretty. I wouldn't tell her. She knows it too well already."

"She has plenty of heart beneath all her frolic," continued Edith.

"What a perfect cyclone she is, she sweeps every one into the vortex of her personal influence," added her husband.

"I know some one she won't sweep into it," said Edith, with a look somewhat of dismay, "and that is Mrs. Marshall," and they both laughed as they thought of the impression that this glittering bubble would make on that glittering icicle.

The advent of this beautiful exotic did, of course, make an extraordinary sensation in the village of Fairview. Edith, indeed, suggested that it might be as well to leave her bracelets and chatelaine behind when she went to church. But the diamond eardrops, flashing with every movement of her pretty head, and the scarlet feather in her hat were sufficiently noticeable.

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Marshall, as she walked home with Mrs. Manning; "I wonder now if them wuz real dimuns, I never seed any afore as I know?"

"A girl," said Mrs. Manning, "that could wear a real seal

jacket like her'n wouldn't wear no sham dimuns, you may be sure."

The fair Nellie felt herself the cynosure of every eye, and did not feel a bit discomposed by it either. She evidently was accustomed to the sensation. She did not even quail when Jim Larkins, at the door of the "Dog and Gun," gave Phin Crowle a nudge in the ribs as she passed, and said—

"Ain't she a stunner, though!"

The "Yankee girl," as the village folks called her, fairly captured all hearts at the Christmas festival, which was held in the Sunday-school room on Christmas Eve. Learning that there was to be a Christmas tree, with a distribution of presents among the little folks, she threw herself heart and soul into the enterprise. She bought up all the toys and candies in the village store. She set to work—aided by Edith Temple, Carrie Mason, and some more of the Sunday-school teachers—to make of gaily-coloured paper, cornucopias and rosettes, and painted elegant ornamental designs. She sent for some of the village boys, and directed them to procure a waggon-load of spruce boughs and smilax—a task which they undertook as if for a queen. Then she pressed into the service Lawrence, Dr. Norton, Bob Crowle—who had become an active worker in the church—Frank Morris, the clerk of the village store, and others. She ordered them around with an imperious air which there was no resisting, and before Christmas Eve the school-room was decorated with admirable taste.

As the eventful evening arrived, Nellie Burton said gaily to Edith, "I'm going to wear all my war-paint and feathers to-night, in honour of the occasion. I've been longing for a chance."

And certainly she did look charming as she issued from her room, her jewels flashing in the light, but her bright eyes flashing brighter still, her cheeks blooming with health and happiness. She gave one the impression of a rare exotic flower, or of a rich and delicate perfume, or of a fine strain of music.

"Well, you are certainly armed for conquest," said Lawrence, —which was the nearest approach to a compliment he ever made. "You must have some mercy on the hearts of our poor country beaux."

"Not a bit," she said, with a merry laugh, "I must drag them as victims at my chariot wheels;" and certainly willing victims

she seemed to have, as the boys, and girls, and young men sought excuses to speak to her, by asking if their respective shares in the decoration met with her approval.

The delight of the little folks at the Christmas tree—ablaze with light—was unbounded. When Dr. Norton came in dressed in his buffalo-skin coat, powdered with salt to represent Santa Claus, they fairly screamed with joy. At Lawrence's request he and Miss Burton distributed the presents, and the latter played her part with the grace and dignity of a queen. Then there was tea, and talk, and music—Miss Burton winning new laurels by her brilliant singing, between the Christmas carols of the children.

"Well, she's real grit, if she *is* a Yankee gal," said Mrs. Manning.

"Seems to improve on acquaintance," said Mrs. Marshall, even her austerity melting under the spell of her fascination; and everybody declared that such a Christmas festival in Fairview had never been known.

Chief Big Bear, from the Indian village of Minnehaha, across the lake, was present, and invited Lawrence and his wife to drive over to share a Christmas dinner—the ice being in fine condition. "And bring the Yankee gal, and the great medicine man along," he said; "we'll give you the best bear steaks and beaver tail you ever ate in your life."

Miss Burton jumped at the invitation, which promised such a novel pleasure.

"Are you not afraid," asked Dr. Norton, "that this great chief will capture you and make you his squaw?"

"I always was ambitious," replied Miss Burton, "perhaps I may make a conquest and come back with his scalp at my belt, metaphorically, that is."

"You have made a conquest already, if you only knew it," said the young man to himself, and he gazed with admiration at the imperious beauty.

"What a splendid woman she would make," said Lawrence to his wife, that night, "if she were only soundly converted."

"Yes," said Edith, "there are in her vast possibilities of good. She has a noble nature. I hope she may be guided aright."

JERUSALEM IN THE TIME OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.*

EVERYBODY knows the general aspect of Jerusalem now. Ordnance surveys, societies for exploration, Sunday-school teachers, and artistic friends have brought pictures of it for those of us who live in these most remote corners; Jerusalem itself, be it remembered, being in the "middle of the world." Indeed, such is the ease of travel now, that it is safe to take for granted, in any considerable assembly, that some one is present who has walked in the streets of Jerusalem, has seen the Jews weeping by its walls, and can describe from personal remembrance the Mosque of Omar.

This general aspect helps us in forming an idea of what it looked like eighteen hundred and fifty years ago,—of which, by misfortune, there is no description. Of the temple and its glories, as all readers know, there is very full description; but the indifference of the ancients to the picturesque, and even to topography, leaves us to construct for ourselves the Jerusalem of the Gospel time. Still, the slopes of the hills are there; the olive-trees and the anemones and the cyclamens, with the rest of the spring vegetation, are there. The wood has been destroyed from the country generally by the ravages of Islam and Islam's wars. But the neighbourhood of a city as large as Jerusalem was then is never heavily wooded. The population of the city itself was then six or eight times what it is now. Such a population requires diligent farming and market-gardening in the neighbourhood. So that it is probable that the country around had more farm-houses and hamlets and other aspects of habitation than it has now. But, making such allowances for changes, the traveller to-day has a right to feel that he looks on much such a landscape as the traveller coming down to Jerusalem from Jericho saw in the days of Jesus Christ.

Josephus says—in what is probably an unintentional exaggeration—that at the time of the Passover a million and a quarter people assembled in it, or in tents around it. Even if this is not

* We reprint from the *Atlantic Monthly* the substance of an article by one of the most original of American writers.

true, it gives an idea of what an intelligent man thought true in times immediately after Christ's visits to the city.

It is not so much matter of regret that we have not the physical picture of Jerusalem of that day, as we have from the Gospels and from many other writings of these times good glimpses of social order there, and of men's habits of life.

As Jesus Christ sees Jerusalem, on his first visit there, after His baptism, it is a city about one hundred and twenty thousand people, which would not exist but for the temple service and those whom the temple calls there. But as the temple and the temple service do call three times a year, so large a multitude of visitors that they are counted more than a million by intelligent men, a prosperous city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants exists there.

The Jewish people is not all of one type. Nor are Jews in Jerusalem here all of one type. Take the throng of work-people, who have been at work—they and their fathers—for forty-six years building up the temple : they are very different people from Levites and priests,—from officials, whether at the top or bottom, who carry on the machinery of daily service in this temple and its courts. And either set is different from the Jews of Galilee, —country cousins, indeed,—who come in upon them at either of the festivals for which Jerusalem and its magnificence exist. The difference between a Parisian and his visitor from Normandy or Gascony, or the difference between a Londoner and his visitor from Lancashire or Yorkshire, have often been made the themes of comedies,—were funny, and relished, perhaps, by all parties. In neither case is the difference greater than the difference between the Jew of Jerusalem and the olive-dresser or fisherman from Galilee.

Yet Jerusalem was glad to have the multitude of such rural visitors as those whom the festival of Passover brought them every year in the spring-time. In our own day there is still just a hint of that arrival, because the pathetic associations with Good Friday and Easter so often bring the Christian pilgrims of to-day to Jerusalem, at the end of March or beginning of April. And the travellers who are there at just that season, and at no other, do not echo the frequent complaint of the desolation of the country around the city. That is the period of the short spring-time of Palestine. The ground is green for a few short weeks,

and glowing with the brilliancy of spring-flowers, which make a living carpet of the sward. The heat of sudden summer dries up such vegetation only too soon, and these same hills are then white, arid, and desolate.

The season was in old times so much more forward than ours that there was no hardship in tent-life for a few days, even in March or April; and when hundreds of thousands of Jews—called together for festival enjoyment, partly by religious obligation—met for a week meaning to render daily service at the temple, there was no shelter for them in house or shed, and they were forced to spread the tents which they had brought with them all over the neighbouring hills. Jesus is not only the visitor to the city who, when the night-fall comes, goes out from its gates to spend the night with friends who live outside its walls.

It is impossible for us to think of Jesus of Nazareth as coming to Jerusalem, at what we call the first Passover, with little or no external consideration. But, in truth, there are as yet no twelve apostles; there is no crowd shouting "Hosanna!" A few personal friends who love and who wonder,—these at most are all. There is no record saying who they were. But as all the disciples as yet spoken of who had shown any sort of interest in Him were but five, we naturally imagine that the disciples who were then with Him in Jerusalem were a part of that number,—of whom we know the names of Andrew, Peter, Philip, and Nathanael. The fifth is perhaps John the Evangelist, from whose Gospel we have the names of the other four. It is without any state, among officials who know as little of Him as of any other traveller from Nazareth or from Capernaum, that Jesus enters the temple courts, as hundreds of thousands of others do.

All that He ever says or does in Jerusalem from this moment until His death bears such a stamp of what may be called intensity, or dignity, or even severity, so distinct from the simplicity or spontaneous light-heartedness of Galilee and His life there, that the few critics who bring any tenderness of feeling with them to their estimate of His life try some explanation of it. Thus M. Renan says that the scorn with which the city Jews regarded the Galileans always pained Jesus; also, that the "dryness" of Nature herself—brooks without

water, and dry and stony soil—would add to His displeasure. Most of all, he says—and here every one will agree with him—that the utter worldliness of the temple service, where men who ought to have been the spiritual leaders of a nation were fairly at work on the most carnal things in the most brutal fashion, disgusted Him. In his constant vein of humour, M. Renan says that the sextons in the temple evinced that irreverence which seems to be the besetting danger of sextons in all communions in all times. As for study of the word of God,—that was, perhaps, worse than chaffering over the price of a dove, or cutting out from the sacrifice the share for the dinner of a priest's family. Here Jesus comes down from His lovely mountains and His sympathetic friends: comes this time from His vision of an open heaven and the soaring dove; from desert communion with Himself, from all temptations of hell, and all good angels of heaven; comes to the head-quarters of the faith of Israel and her life, to proclaim a present God,—God here and God now. He will enlist the leaders of Israel in the proclamation of these glad tidings; and He finds that the best scholarship of a Jewish doctor is the weakest splitting of hairs. And this splitting of hairs has bred the most preposterous conceit. The whole is as destitute of moral elevation as are the tricks of a medicine-man among the Apaches. These are the men of learning. And the men of religion, the officers of worship, are squabbling about the price of this sheep or that ox, or are scolding this or that worshipper because he does not hurry up his beasts fast enough to the butcher. Here is reason enough for any depression in the young Nazarene's spirits or any severity in His language, without our inquiring whether there were more or less water in the beds of the brooks, or more or less soil on the stones of the orchards. And this depression of spirit and this severity of language are to be borne in mind as we read His ejaculation when He enters the great court-yard which surrounds the temple :—

"Take these things hence. Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

With the natural feeling that they looked on Him then as we do now, we imagine this scene, and the artists represent it, as if the whole throng in these temple courts—where, in their eighteen acres, hundreds of thousands of people were sacrificing, were buying and selling, or were staring—all were hushed in aston-

ishment, and witnessed the act of indignation as if it were indeed a token of divine wrath thundered from heaven against these tradesmen. But this is, again, to transfer the impression which centuries have been receiving regarding Jesus of Nazareth, to the every-day people around Him when He came in as a stranger. The more natural conception of the scene at this feast—as something like it took place at another Passover—is to suppose that He chose to assert His prophetic character in some visible, concrete act, which might stand like the old prophetic symbols. These hucksters who had found their way inside the gates knew they did not belong there. They recognized His divine wrath, and they felt, as every one always felt, the power of His person. It needed no personal violence on them or theirs. When He bade them go, they went; He needed His scourge of small cords only as a sign of authority. This, too, it is important to observe: that He was not yet in the position of a reformer who is overthrowing sacrifice or offering. He commands thus far the respect and even the gratitude of the purists among His own people. They, if they dared, would have turned out these traders before. And now that One appears who certainly speaks as if He has authority, even if He wear the costume and speak with the accent of the hill country, they are not sorry that He says what He says and does what He does. The more pharisaic a man was, the more sure He would be to say, "This was a nuisance; and what the young man does should have been done before." Wholly outside Scripture, in authorities which are quite full regarding the tone of feeling of the time, we have evidence that there would be thus much sympathy with his indignation.

One of the senators, as we should say, is the person to show this sympathy in history; that is, it is one of the seventy men in highest official position in the country. And when he introduces himself to this young protestant from Galilee, the contrast between them is as if a member of the House of Lords—say one of the Bench of Bishops—should be attracted in the streets of London to-day by some audacious protest of a countryman of the "Salvation Army" against the greed or cant of London, and should hunt up the young man's address, and should drive down in his carriage to talk to him. It is like it, only to-day the bishop and the hedge-row preacher would both be remembering

the time when the Master of both was the hedge-row preacher who received the call.

The importance of the occasion, to any one unfolding the successive steps of Christ's plan, is that here was the only faint flicker of success which attended any of these visits to Jerusalem. Jesus went there because it was His duty to go. He had to give these men a chance. He gave them the refusal of the apostleship of the world. All prophecy said that Israel was to be redeemed. He sees that she is to be redeemed. He sees how, and He sees that now is the time. "God is here," is the word of redemption. Why should not Israel's leader utter it? Why should not her leaders lead? Why should they not take up this gospel, "God is here, God is now?" Why not? He will try. So He goes to Jerusalem, walks into the temple court, and avows by a visible sign His authority. And in reply there comes this ruler, who says, "Master, you have come from God. Nobody can show these signs which we have seen you show in the temple, unless God be with him." In that civil speech is the first flicker of success of the visit to Jerusalem.

When the preacher from the hill country replies to the courteous senator he shows native authority by signs more imposing. There is perfect courtesy on His side. But there is no shadow of deference to that self-satisfaction, so often bred by book-learning, and which in that case at least, was so constant an attribute of the governing power. Jesus is young and this man must be twice His age. Jesus is a carpenter; this man is a ruler. Jesus has been in no school of the prophets; this man has the learning of the schools. Jesus is a Nazarene; this man has all the elegance of the nobility. And yet Jesus speaks to him exactly as He would speak to fishermen by the Sea of Galilee. There is that grave severity which belongs always to His life in Jerusalem. But nothing else is changed. It is the even tone of an elder brother speaking to a younger. There is perfect kindness and readiness to explain. There is transparent simplicity, and yet conscious dignity.

Most remarkable of all, there is the demand of complete allegiance to the cause. All or nothing! With two or three personal followers, He has come to see whether doctors and priests care to take hold with Him. And in the first interview

He claims the whole from them. He does not want any honorary members, though they come from the aristocracy; any members to be named on the lists, but who do not expect to be called on for duty. He wants no irregular troops,—here to-day and there to-morrow. He asks for all or nothing. "If you wish to take hold with Me, you must become as a little child. You must be born again. If you do not become as a little child, if you are not born again, why, you will not see the kingdom of God; far less will you ever stand within its portals."

Well, most people could tell us what reply those men would make to such a statement as that. Indeed it was comparatively easy for fishermen by the Sea of Galilee to give up their past and take lot with the Nazarene carpenter; certainly much easier than for this gentlemanly Nicodemus, of whom the world has thought hard things because he hesitated. He had worked his way quite up the ladder. He had succeeded where so many had failed. He had burned midnight oil over these books of Rabbinical puzzles which we call "fol-de-rol." He had waited in antechambers till the time at last had come when he might make others wait there. He had waited obsequious till it was his turn to make others wait. For him, then, this was very hard doctrine, which said that he must give all this up and be born over again. And it is no wonder that he hesitates. "Do you really mean, my young friend, that our Jewish state, preserved by miracle for so many hundreds of years, is to give up all the prestige of age and discipline? Do you really suppose that I, who am talking with you, shall give up my position and my weight in this community to take my chances with a carpenter from Galilee? Do you really suppose that I, who have become what you see me by and after the toil of thirty years, am to lay down all that I have learned and all that I have gained, to begin at the beginning, as this handsome young fisher boy you have brought along with you seems to do?"

That is a free translation, into more words, of the ejaculation of his surprise, "We be born again?"

And Jesus Christ told him that that was just what He did mean. If any man supposed that senatorial rank helped him into the kingdom of heaven, he was mistaken. If he supposed length of years helped him, he was mistaken. If he supposed Rabbinical

learning helped him, he was mistaken. The pure in heart see God. A little child, new-born, because of his purity, may see God. And if senator, or gray-haired man, or learned doctor wants to see Him, he must try the same means. He must become as a little child. He must be born again.

Nicodemus went away. And after a little, Jesus of Nazareth went back to Galilee. That is the end of His first effort in the mission which he opened for Him at the river Jordan.

As the world counts failure and success, it was absolute failure.

ONE PEARL LIFE GAVE ME.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

ONE pearl life gave me from the fret and whirl
Of a day full of storm—
Of buffetings with adverse winds and tide,
One pearl of perfect form,
Rounded in beauty, changeful in its tints,
A clear, a priceless stone;
A lambent flame, subdued, yet steadily
This gift of the storm shone.

A softer light it hath than other gems—
Our soul's near polar star;
Not brilliant, but it burns with steady flame,
With certain rays afar.
It shines with flame that flickers not to wind,
And flares not in life's storm;
The little waves that fret most other gems
Change not its tint nor form.

This pearl shines like a star on our unrest,
As the moon moves the sea;
It draws all currents of our anxious heart
Softly, yet constantly.
And so we bless the storm whose strength brought up,
As a great hand, this pearl—
We had not Patience, if the storm had not
Raged with its long mad whirl.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE APPROACHING GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY DAVID ALLISON, ESQ., LL.D.

"THE signs of the times" foreshadow earnest discussions in the approaching General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada. These discussions bid fair to extend quite beyond the range of such business as will naturally come forward under the regulative principles now in force. It will probably be claimed and argued that to make our Church a truly effective instrument of evangelism, to fit her for her grand Providential opportunity in these lands, the mechanism through which the living Spirit within her now operates needs immediate and extensive readjustment.

In the prospect of these discussions there is nothing to excite alarm. Methodism would be untrue to its own genius and unmindful of its most stimulating traditions, if, through its representatives, it should try to head off such suggestions by cowardly imputations of rashness, radicalism, or revolution. Why should we not aim at the utmost attainable perfection of ecclesiastical machinery? Why should spiritual power be wasted through the employment of means proved to be ill-adapted to the contemplated ends? These are questions which it will always be right to ask; and when asked in our General Conference in connection with definite proposals to modify the methods of the Church, we may be sure that they will have their due weight.

But promoters of new measures will not fail to see that their theories must be brought into relation with *actual and demonstrable facts.* It is idle to ask a great and growing Church to abruptly reverse, or even seriously modify, her procedure on mere hypotheses. "They that be whole need not a physician." The Methodist Church of Canada should not be treated for imagined ailments. It is the actual disease which determines the true remedy. Let, then, those who stand ready with their prescriptions be sure of their diagnosis, seeing that even an head-ache or influenza may, by *heroic* treatment, be converted into something really dangerous.

It has been more than hinted that the brief history of our

Church has revealed a strong and dangerous tendency toward sectional isolation, threatening the complete lapse of the connexional spirit and principle. The General Conference will, beyond all question, carefully weigh any statements of fact that may be made in support of this somewhat alarming proposition. Danger in that quarter is danger which should be guarded against. Much cogent proof of the reality and imminency of this peril may be held in reserve, but speaking of that which has already been offered, I confess myself unable to see that a case has been made out. Until recently assured to the contrary, I held the firm and grateful conviction that there has been a steady growth of a healthy connexional spirit throughout the length and breadth of our Church's territory. And I expect that the forthcoming reports of the quadrennium about to be concluded, reports of the great connexional interests and enterprises which the whole Church has in charge, will do much to restore that conviction to its original strength.

The raising of a question, on the part of an Annual Conference, as to the legitimacy of certain General Conference legislation is too broadly interpreted when taken as evidence of sectional selfishness and disloyalty, especially if that Conference be distinguished for the prompt and generous support which it accords to the great enterprises of the united Church. The transfer of ministers from one Conference to another may not have been as general as some would have liked, possibly not as general as the interests of the Church have demanded. But even had *serious* friction occurred in such matters as these, I would see nothing in it to justify the timorous apprehensions to which expression has been given.

I believe that the great salient facts thus far developed in the history of the Methodist Church of Canada tend, when fairly interpreted, to inspire confidence in her principles and organization. Her marvellous growth cannot be ascribed to the simple inspiration of union. She is plainly in sympathy with her surroundings, and adapted to the work which has been given her to do. If she has not sustained all the important interests committed to her care, with the generous enthusiasm demanded by motives of Christian duty, she, nevertheless, need not blush to have her record of activity compared with that of any contemporary Church. The theory of imminent disintegration will

not, I am convinced, be sustained by the quadrennial reports to be submitted. Our Missionary Society, denominational press, publishing houses, and educational institutions will all testify to the existence and power of a truly connexional spirit.

But it must be borne in mind that the connexional element of Methodist polity is not itself an end, but simply a means to an end. Methodism does not live merely to foster and display it, but through it as an element in a complex system of forces to spread truth and holiness through the earth. The Methodist Church of Canada is a federation of Conferences recognizing a central law-making authority, which itself acts under a supreme organic law. In such a system the centripetal and centrifugal forces should balance each other. Any strain of centralizing power, beyond what is needed to secure the harmonious interworking of the various forces, might be dangerous instead of salutary. Before power is transferred from one part of a machine to another, the precise effect of this transfer should be carefully calculated.

It is remarkable what an infinite number of "distinguishing characteristics," and "fundamental principles," and "corner-stones," acute writers and reasoners have been able to point out in connection with Methodism. Each theorist has his own key with which to unlock the mystery of her history. With one it is class-meeting, with another the itinerancy. Yesterday it was her financial system. To-day we are told that "superintendency" is "the corner-stone of its polity, a prime factor of its success." The Methodist Church of Canada lacks this, and who can tell what may happen? The great and palpable want is "a head to officially represent the denomination and exercise disciplinary authority through its whole extent." To this view, Mr. Macdonald, of Toronto, lends the strong support of his name and well-expressed opinions, though, as far as I can see, the three or four *co-ordinate* bishops whom he designates would leave the Church as much without "a head" as ever. The following questions seem to me pertinent: In a mundane and Protestant sense, what are the precise functions of a *head* of a Church, seeing that, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren?" What occasions have arisen during the past eight years in which the Methodist Church of Canada needed some one "to officially represent" her, and in which Egerton

Ryerson or George Douglas was not competent to do so? What is meant by this proposed "head" exercising *disciplinary jurisdiction* through the whole extent of the denomination? Is there any proper, natural sense in which either a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, or the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Great Britain, can be said to exercise such authority and jurisdiction?

HALIFAX, N.S.

A VISION.

BY MARY A. BARR.

A GERMAN dreamer,* in a midnight hour,
Saw a strange vision pass before his sight—
The gods of high Olympus throned in power,
Drinking ambrosia in soft golden light.

And yet in silence, for some awful fear,
More felt than known, forbid the song and jest;
Some mighty shadow, some foreboding drear,
Troubling the throne of Jove with vague unrest.

Till suddenly their terror took this shape—
A pale, sad Jew, bearing a cross of wood,
His garments red, but not with juice of grape,
Dripping, alas! with his own sinless blood.

Pierced by a crown of thorns, onward He came;
Bleeding and faint, gasping with cruel loss;
Shook the awed silence with His whispered name,
And on the table cast His heavy cross.

And lo! the golden vessels shook and fell;
The cloud-built palaces all passed away,
As pass the morning mists from hill and dell,
When strong and splendid dawns the lord of day.

The gods sat dumb and pale, like shadows grew,
Impalpable at last and thin as air;
Their world bowed down before this bleeding Jew;
His heavy cross was mighty everywhere.

* Heinrich Heine.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.*

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.
President of Victoria University.

If I were called upon to state in brief what is the need of our time, I should not hesitate to say, the enforcement of the Gospel of Christ on its spiritual and practical side; in this I would include a simplification of some Christian creeds, and the throwing overboard of a good deal of rubbish which was, perhaps, never of much service, and is of decided disservice in the present day. In fact, in making Christianity a practical power over the earth it will be necessary to keep close to the teaching and spirit of the New Testament, which requires a firm and emphatic repudiation of a good deal which has passed and still passes for Gospel. The skepticism of our time, and of past time, has been very much occasioned, and fostered by erroneous conceptions of God and religion. It would be very hard to be a Christian if this meant the approval of the ecclesiastical system of the Church of Rome, or the cruel dogmas of Augustine, and Edwards, and Calvin. A protest is still to be lifted against types of Theology which make Theology incredible, and the world a hideous enigma. But if on the other hand we get some reasonable and humane conception of God and the Gospel, then it is the Gospel above all things that the world needs, and needs in a pervading practical way.

The age is remarkable for restless activity in all directions, and amid the vigorous and varied play of forces, mental and physical, there is required especially the one higher and better force, which is embodied in Christ and His Gospel. It is here that we find God's method for bringing the world into loving obedience to Himself. The good work has gone on apace through the ages, but amid many sad perversions and retrogressions. The eddies run hither and thither but onward still rolls the great river, in a circuitous course but with ever-increasing volume.

* We have pleasure in reproducing from the Rev. S. G. Phillip's admirable volume, under this title, a part of the Introduction by Dr. Nelles. See our review of this volume in this month's Book Notices.

Just now the masses are lifting their heads in a most ominous way. There is a blind instinct of want. There is an equal instinct of dormant energy. Democracy is becoming dominant, or, at least, conscious of its power of domination. Only one thing can save the world from violence and chaos, and that is the enthronement in all hearts of the law of Christ. Speculations, dogmas, forms, discoveries, inventions, works of art, strains of music and song, all these will have their sphere; but what we most need is a deep and solemn sense of our relations to God and the great hereafter, together with a hopeful view of the marvellous redemptive influences of Him who turned the water into wine and raised Lazarus from the grave. It is, I fear, becoming more a question with men, even in Christian lands, whether there be any God or any hereafter; and while philosophic and scholarly minds are dealing in their own way with such sad negations, it remains for Christian people to exemplify, and with augmented earnestness, the practical graces of the Gospel, causing them to see that there is no power to heal and bless like the religion of the Cross. The unhappy misconceptions which have prevailed as to the nature of Christianity will gradually, we trust, disappear. Already there are many signs of a closer approximation to the true idea and spirit of the Gospel, and with this approximation will come an increase of power over all forms of evil. That the world will accept certain sectarian types of ecclesiastical teaching is not probable, and it is not desirable; but the elementary principles of the Gospel, the faith, the hope, the charity of the Gospel, these must finally prevail; or, if not, then, indeed, the world is no cosmos or rational order, but only chaos and a kind of sham world—in fact a devil's world and not at all God's world. But to such a faith, or no-faith, it is not possible for men generally to come. Always in the great heart of man lives and burns a moral and rational ideal of things, and this, along with the inward sadness and unrest of humanity heaving and moaning like the sea, will ever draw the world onward, with an indestructible faith and hope, toward the Infinite God and some indescribable glory yet to be revealed. Always we shall see visions of some grand celestial city, with its pearly gates, its jasper walls, its golden streets, its crystal river, its tree bearing all manner of fruits, and its leaves for the healing of the nations.

The ear of faith will never cease to hear the echoes of the eternal song and the harpers harping with their harps. There is that within us by reason of which the Gospel will, from time to time, recall humanity from dreary atheism and pessimism, and preclude their final prevalence. And the more extreme the pessimism, the more vigorous will be the rebound into the arms of Him whose voice sounds evermore in our ears, saying, "Believe in God; believe also in Me." "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This glorious city of the Apocalypse, this coming "Republic of God," may seem to our skeptical friends only a dream. I will not say, let me cherish it still although but a dream, but will rather say, that, while even as a dream, it has been more beneficent than the realities of skepticism, there is something incredible in the thought that such visions forever hover before us only to betray us at the last. All the lower instincts are presentiments of corresponding good; it is not hard to believe that these higher ones may have a similar validity and prophetic power. The need of the world is to so heed these aspirations and hopes as to turn the prophecy both of Scripture and the human heart into historic verity. And what has been done thus far is ample encouragement to mind the same things and walk by the same rule. Let those who boast of the triumphs of experimental science learn to read aright this experiment of the Gospel in moral and social progress, and they will find ample proof that Christianity is by far the best thing that has yet come into the world, from whatever source we may suppose it to have come. Even when we censure the Church we censure her from principles which she has preserved. In bearing witness against herself she bears witness for the Gospel.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
  Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
  Must enter by His door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
  Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will Thy glory be?

THE PROGRESS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

BY PROFESSOR CHRISTLIEB.

THE immense progress of the missionary idea within the limits of Protestantism is best seen from one or two tangible figures. At the close of the last century there were only seven Protestant missionary societies, properly so called. To-day the seven have, in Europe and America alone, become seventy. To these seventy must be added, not only several independent missionary societies in the colonies, like those in Sierra Leone, at the Cape, and in Australia, and a large number of smaller ones in the East Indies, but also missionary associations in the colonies, the offspring of English and American societies, composed of Christians already won over from heathenism, unassisted and supporting agents of their own.

At the beginning of the present century, the number of male missionaries in the field, supported by those seven societies together, amounted to about 170, of whom about 100 were connected with the Moravians alone. To-day there are employed by the seventy societies about 2,400 ordained Europeans and Americans, hundreds of ordained preachers, (in the East Indies alone there are more than 1,600, and about as many in the South Sea) upwards of 23,000 native assistants, catechists, evangelists, teachers, exclusive of the countless female missionary agents, private missionaries, lay-helpers, colporteurs of the Bible Societies in heathen lands, and the thousands of voluntary unpaid Sabbath-school teachers.

Eighty years ago, if I may venture an estimate, there were about 50,000 heathen converts under the care of the Protestants, not counting, of course, the "Government Christians" in Ceylon, who quickly fell away. To-day the total number of converts from heathenism in our Protestant mission stations may be estimated certainly at no less than 1,650,000, and the year 1878 shows an increase of 60,000 souls, a number greater than the gross total at the beginning of the century. When it is added that of this total 310,000 are in the West Indies; 400,000 to 500,000 in India and Farther India; 40,000 to 50,000 in West Africa; 180,000 in South Africa; over 240,000 in Madagascar;

90,000 in the Indian Archipelago; 45,000 to 50,000 in China; over 300,000 in the South Sea Islands—it will be seen that to-day already a whole series of coast-lands, and of islands more especially, may be regarded as Christianized and won for the Protestant Church.

Eighty years ago the total sum contributed for Protestant missions hardly amounted to £50,000; now the amount raised for this object is from £1,200,000 to £1,250,000 (about five times as much as that of the whole Romish Propaganda).

Eighty years ago the number of Protestant missionary schools cannot have exceeded seventy; to-day, according to reliable statistics, it amounts to 12,000, with far beyond 400,000 scholars, and among these are hundreds of native candidates for the ministry, receiving instruction in some of the many high schools and theological seminaries. At the beginning of the present century the Scriptures existed in some fifty translations, and were circulated in certainly not more than 5,000,000 of copies. Since 1804—*i.e.*, since the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society—new translations of the Bible, or of its more important parts, have been accomplished in at least two hundred and twenty-six languages and dialects. There are translations of all the sacred Scriptures into fifty-five, of the New Testament into eighty-four, of particular parts into eighty-seven languages; and now the circulation of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, has amounted to 148,000,000 of copies.

THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

JEWEL of names in the casket of heaven;
Emerald of Hope to the sorrowing given;
Sapphire of Faith to light us above;
Unrivalled ruby of holiest love;
Saviour art Thou to Thy followers below.

Coronet bright, meet for the Eternal!
Heaven's choicest diadem, holy and pure;
Radiantly gleaming in glory supernal;
Immortality's gem, eternal and sure;
Salvation's chrism; living, burning flame:
The unutterable, exalted Name!

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Heaven.

I know not where that city lifts
  Its jasper walls in air,
I know not where the glory beams
  So marvellously fair.

I cannot see the waving hands
  Upon that farther shore,
I cannot hear the rapturous songs
  Of dear ones gone before.

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,
  Washed clear by contrite tears,
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
  From the eternal years.

There is a rapture of the soul,
  The joy of sins forgiven,
For Christ the blessed reigns within,
  And where He is—'tis Heaven.

Full Salvation.

In urging your suit, rest wholly on the name of your endorser, Jesus Christ. In His address (John xiv. to xvi.), in which the pearl of perfect love is again and again promised in the coming of the abiding Comforter, Jesus inserts in every promise the condition, "in my name." This means that we are to identify our plea with the glory of Christ. We cannot fail when we pray for the same blessing for which He intercedes in our behalf. We are sure that selfishness does not underlie our petition when our aim is the glory of Christ only. When we thus use the name of our High Priest, we clothe ourselves with His merit. The name of Jesus is like the signet ring of an absent monarch, purposely left behind to authenticate the acts of His ministers. It transfers His power to them. So has Jesus transferred to our hands the key that unlocks the treasury of heaven, and secures the outpouring of the anointing that teacheth and abideth. "The greatest gift that men can wish or heaven can send."

Do not fail, when giving your plea, to remember that you have rights with God the Father in Jesus' name. *You* could

not claim His mediatorial work and merit. But since this work has been done, you may now stand on the high platform of rights with God, and claim in Jesus' name all that He has purchased for you. He has invested you, not only with a right to the tree of life, but to all that prepares you to pluck and eat its fruit. Again, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The word "just" is a jural term, implying rights on the part of the believer and obligation on the part of God; the obligation, not only of veracity, expressed by the word faithful, but also the obligation of justice. He will not wrong us by withholding the greatest blessing purchased by His Son, and sacredly kept by the Father till the hour we come in that influential name and claim our heritage.

Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

—*Dr. Daniel Steele.*

The Fullness of God.

God's fullness has been compared to an ocean, able to fill everything, and in no danger of being emptied; its waters always abundant and pure and fresh, and surging in grandeur and power. When there is such an ocean of Deity filling the universe, pressing itself into every bay and sound and harbour and inlet, calmly and majestically filling every channel that is open to it; when there is such a mighty ocean of Divine love and joy and power, why should not our poor empty hearts be filled? Why should they remain empty? Why should they remain half full? Why should we be content with a little spray, which only the highest waves are able to dash over us now and then, when this majestic ocean tide might surge continually through our souls, cleansing and renewing and filling us with God?

It can only be because we have erected barriers before our hearts which this ocean will not break over. Along the ocean shore are salt marshes, separated by sand-bars from the ocean itself. These marshes are stagnant and malarious, and yet the ocean tide is dashing only a few rods away, and in its sublimest surgings may hurl a little spray over the sand-bars to mingle with the stagnant waters of the marshes. Just break through the barrier and let the ocean waves dash through, and all this

corruption is gone in a moment, the marshes are washed out and filled to the brim with pure water, and made little appendages of the great ocean.

And such is our relation to God. He is ready, with the vast ocean of His fullness, to thoroughly cleanse and fill the stagnant pools of our hearts, but we shut Him out, we erect a barrier between us and Him, and will not permit the waters of this ocean to fill us. Only break down the barrier, and the mighty tide of Deity will surge through our souls; this ocean, in its majestic ebb and flow, will fill us, and wash us, and we shall be vitally connected with that God whose fullness fills the universe. We thus become little bays opening into and fed by this majestic ocean of Deity.

If we will but seek by faith the vital union that is possible, every movement of Deity will reach us, and stir our hearts and quicken our activities, just as the tides of the ocean are felt in all the bays along its shore. It may be a vital union, a union that gives life and maintains the life of God in the soul.—*Rev. H. Graham.*

Holiness of Character.

It is not a mere impulse. It is a deep, abiding life within, a standing of spiritual maturity, that gives promise of still greater advancement in "whatever things are pure." Habitual strength is its chief characteristic—strength to wait upon God, as well as to perform his assigned tasks. Holiness of character includes purity of heart; but it is more than this. It is the experience of ripeness, "the full corn in the ear." It seldom is found in the earlier periods of discipleship. Time is usually one element of such attainments; here, as in the physical world, harvests of grace require the antecedent conditions of growth. The Holy Spirit produces his perfect fruitage in the soul, "love, joy, peace," etc., while the storms beat around, or the absence of moisture upon the external surface forces the roots to seek a deeper hold upon the hidden sources of supply. How many mistakes are seen just here. The Christian, hitherto weak and worldly-minded, has been brought to see his privilege of the fullness. He claims the meritorious sacrifice by faith, and is brought into a large and wealthy place. His experience of the cleansing blood is genuine; a wonderful uplifting has really transpired; a

new vision is his gift; a new power to believe all that God has spoken. He may well rejoice. Many a soul has discovered in such an hour the path of duty, so long obscured from his certain view. Self has been so fully subdued, and Christ has come to be so pre-eminent, that the entire being exults to know and do the divinely-revealed work. We believe that thousands are entering upon this blessed new life in these latter days. Never could we by any word depreciate that holy baptism of fire.

But now, this is not that holiness of character of which we speak. There is a distinction to be made between purity and maturity. The latter always contains the former; but the former is often seen without the latter. "Spiritual babes" have an experience of cleansing. Let such be encouraged to confess their Lord. In view, however, of the tests that await them, and the possible ripeness of these newly-implanted graces, let that confession be made with becoming modesty. Especially let the soul, thus made perfect in love, be encouraged to submit to God's method of advancement. Everything depends upon this. If the impression is received that this experience is not preparatory to something better, but is already perfect in the sense of a final work, then the soul occupies a position of extreme peril. Pride and self-sufficiency will very probably displace that humility which should become the soul's permanent vesture. Holiness of character, therefore, should be the aim of souls. And such is our blessed privilege, that this experience may be more and more rich, as we proceed along the King's highway.

—There is no religion in making yourself miserable. God loves to make poor sinners happy. In the Old Testament he bids you delight yourself in the Lord, and promises the desires of your heart. In the New he says, "Rejoice in the Lord alway."

—If you renounce all for Christ, you must expect to be counted a fool; and if you do not you cannot be called a Christian: "Except a man deny himself, he cannot be my disciple."

—Never expect the comforts of Divine love out of the way of God's precepts; He may surprise you with his kindness, but he has not promised you his comforts under such circumstances.

—A Christian is never satisfied with himself; but this is no wonder, as he is not fully satisfied with any one but Christ.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE LESSONS OF THE CENSUS.

The statistics of the census just published are of much interest to the Methodists of Canada. We have no reason to be ashamed of our record in that document. It is less than a hundred years since the first Methodist preacher planted foot in what is now the Dominion of Canada, yet Methodism is to-day the leading Protestant denomination in the country. None would have predicted that the feeble germ planted by Black in Nova Scotia and by Losee in Canada, would have grown to be such a goodly tree. Other churches, even then venerable, well endowed, and invested with historic memories and powerful influence, had pre-occupied the ground. There seemed no room for the new comer, which was so weak and poor, without social influence, and everywhere spoken against. Despised, oppressed, deprived of legal status, suffering from civil disability, it nevertheless grew with the country's growth, till now it leads the van of all the Protestant denominations of the Dominion—the numbers of the three largest denominations being given in the census as follows: "Methodists, 742,981; Presbyterians, 676,155; Church of England, 574,818."

Its progress during the decade that has just ended is also equally satisfactory. It is the only Church in the Dominion which has increased in numbers as fast relatively as the population of the country has increased. The increase of the latter has been 25 per cent. The Church of England has increased only 16½ per cent.; the Roman Catholic Church 21 per eent.; the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches 24 per cent.; but the Methodists have increased far faster than the population of the Dominion, namely, 35 per cent.

In the Province of Quebec, of course, the solid Roman Catholic population, chiefly French, gives the Roman Catholic Church a great preponderance. But in Ontario, the most populous of the provinces, Methodism leads all the Churches, the numbers being: Methodists, 591,503; Presbyterians, 417,749; Church of England, 366,539, and Roman Catholics, 320,839. While the increase of the population of the province has been 18½ per cent., that of the Church of England has been only 10½ per cent.; the Roman Catholic Church and Presbyterians, 17 per cent.; Baptists, 23 per cent.; and Methodists, 28 per cent.

In the city of Toronto the increase of population has been 54 per cent.; the Baptists, 88 per cent.; Methodists, 73½ per cent.; Congregationalists, 70 per cent.; Presbyterians, 62½ per cent.; Church of England, 49 per cent.; Roman Catholics, 32½ per cent.

In these figures is ground, not for vain-glorious boasting, but for devout gratitude to God. We may humbly and thankfully exclaim: "What hath God wrought! Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory!"

There is one feature in this report, however, which is calculated to somewhat lesson our satisfaction with it as a whole; and that is the fact that the Methodism of the Dominion is divided into four or more sections, the rivalries of which, in some cases, tend to its weakening, and not to its strength. We trust that before another decade shall have passed, all sections shall be combined into one grand united Methodism for the Dominion. We heartily endorse the following sentiment of the London *Methodist:*—

"Methodism is at heart sick of its divisions with all the unhealthy rivalry and wicked waste which have accompanied them, and would welcome an effort to develop the essential unity which underlies the differences that exists on the surface.

We repeat, let the effort be made, and while our leaders are discussing the respective merits of organization and confederation, let the rank and file of the ministers and people practically solve the problem by uniting together for worship and fellowship and work."

In view of the relative status and progress of Methodism among the Churches, we can afford to be patient under the criticism of our Church polity and methods of Church work. Our itinerant system may be a great bugbear to many who are without and to some within its ranks, but we believe it is one great cause of the success of the Church, of the flexibility of its methods and their adaptation to varying circumstances. Our worship may be simple and unadorned, but it should be noted by those who desire a more ornate ritual, that the Church which most extensively employs such adventitious aids has, notwithstsnding its social prestige, made relatively the least progress of any. If any improvements of our polity or usages can be adopted, by all means let us have them; but the progress of the decade suggests the wisdom of adhering to the dictum of the venerable founder of Methodism: "Let us not mend our rules, but keep them."

Another thought suggested by these statistics is the responsibility resting upon Methodism in the future. To it apparently more than to any other body, is given the task of directing the religious thought and moulding the religious life of this country. It must gird itself for this high emprise. It must so strengthen its educational, its missionary, its publishing, its Sunday-school departments, that they may be adequate to the increasing strain imposed upon them. If it is to retain its place of honour in the van of the religious agencies for conquering the continent for Christ, it must relax no effort, but redouble its diligence. It must seek the same anointing chrism, the same sanctifying grace, the same inspiring zeal, which has made Methodism in the past such a mighty agency for the conversion of sinners and the spreading of Scriptural holiness throughout the land.

Growth of American Methodism.

The growth of Methodism in the United States has been no less marvellous than its progress in the Dominion of Canada. According to the last Year Book of Methodism, in the M. E. Church alone *four* new churches have been consecrated to the worship of God for every day in the year. The increase of its army of 12,000 travelling preachers is nearly 500 a year. The benevolent contributions of the Church, beside the maintenance of the home work, amount to nearly $1,000,000 a year. During the last ninety years, while the average increase of the population for each decade has been 32.69 per cent., the increase in the lay membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, notwithstanding the immense loss caused by the secession of the M. E. Church South, has been 61.39 per cent. This is nearly twice as much as the increase of the population, including the vast flood of foreigners poured upon the shores of the country. That Church alone, from its feeble germs in John Street, New York, planted through the agency of brave Barbara Heck, has spread over the whole land, till scarce a hamlet is without its Methodist preacher and its Methodist Church. The forty-nine colleges, nine universities, eight theological institutions and thirty-three classical seminaries of that Church attest its zeal in the cause of higher education; and its great publishing house, with its daily issue of 500,000 printed pages, shows its energy in the distribution of knowledge.

Our Publishing Interests.

We quote from the *Guardian* the following statement, with reference to the meeting of the Western Section of the Book Committee of our Churches :—

The reports from all departments of the Book and Publishing business show a steady and rapid increase. Last year the increase in sales

and publishing work was so largely in advance, that it did not seem probable there could be any great improvement this year. But there is a large increase on the business during the last year. Our publishing business has steadily increased, until our Book Room now does the largest publishing business in Canada. The premises have been enlarged and improved, and yet there is not room for the increasing business. The circulation of the *Guardian*, MAGAZINE, and other periodicals has increased during the year, and though still below what it ought to be, is nevertheless far in advance of the circulation of similar publications of any other Church in this country. Some idea of the extent of the work done in the establishment may be learned from the following statement :—

The total number of books bound in this establishment during the past year, 154,314; increase over last year, 20,000 copies; total number of tracts and pamphlets during the past year, 94,696; increase over last year, 28,000; total number of Hymn Books sold during the past year, 88,356. These Hymn Books are included in the Books bound.

The above does not include the issues of the *Guardian*, MAGAZINE, or Sabbath-school papers. The combined issues of these periodicals amounting to 101,635 per issue, or the whole amount of 1,922,644, per year's issues. [The total number of printed pages issued has been over fifty millions, or over 150,000 pages a day. Of these over 50,000 pages are of Sunday-school periodicals.] The sales of our own published books, and the books purchased in England and the United States, have summed up to a figure far surpassing any former year. The Annual Meeting of the Committee was marked by great harmony and good feeling. A statement of the work of the last four years, presented by the Book-Steward, as the basis of a quadrennial Report for the General Conference, indicated most gratifying progress. A very cordial and appreciative resolution, expressing commendation of the fidelity and success of the Book-Steward and Editors, was unanimously adopted.

The Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

The occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new building for the Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal was one of great interest. It marks, we believe, an epoch in the history of the College, and of Montreal and Canadian Methodism. The admirable address of the venerable Senator Ferrier was one of great weight and wisdom.

"It is with feelings of unspeakable gratitude to my Heavenly Father," he said, "that I have been spared to see this memorable hour, and to perform the duty of laying this stone for His glory, and, I believe, for the great advantage of the Methodist Church of Canada. I am solemnized by the thought that it may be one of the last public acts which I shall perform for the church of my choice, the church which I love so well. I am, however, impressed with the fact that no act of my life will give me more lasting satisfaction than that in which we have just engaged. During a church relationship of sixty years I have honoured and loved the ministry of Methodism; and now, as in the course of nature I must soon 'put off this tabernacle,' this act is my testimony for her rising ministry."

The address proceeded to recite the history of the College, and to show that nine years ago the lot of ground on which the College is now being built, one of the most eligible in the city, was purchased for that purpose; but through the commercial depression of the times active operations had not been possible till the present time. The whole address was well adapted to remove certain misapprehensions which have been entertained as to the alleged precipitance of the College Board in the present movement.

The closing exercises of the College in the Dominion Square Church were also especially noteworthy. The large attendance of the friends of the College showed their deep interest in its welfare. None who

heard them, we think, will ever forget the wise, and loving and tender words of counsel and encouragement given by the revered and honoured chairman, Mr. Ferrier. Like Moses, from the border land of the other world, he spoke words of godly wisdom to his young brethren, which should be to them an inspiration all their lives. The present writer and the Rev. James Graham, of Dundas, had also the privilege of addressing the meeting, but its key-note had been struck, and we could only endeavour to second and deepen the impression that had been already made. Our personal observation only strengthened the conviction, derived from former visits, of the thorough work that was done in the college, and the admirable grounding which the young men there received in the studies which were necessary for their training for the work and office of the Christian ministry.

The Union Movement.

We are glad to see that the feeling in favour of the Union movement is spreading throughout the different branches of Canadian Methodism. Several of the quarterly and district meetings have passed resolutions strongly favourable to the movement. The *Union* newspaper is conducted with vigour, and furnishes a good opportunity for the friends of union to discuss the question. We have been much impressed by the excellent and judicious letters on this subject of the Rev. James Gray, of the London Conference. Let us continue to cultivate the kindly Christian spirit which this movement exhibits, and organic union, we think, cannot long be delayed.

Announcement for Volume XVI.

It will be gratifying to the friends of this Magazine to learn that the last two years of its history have been the most successful it has known. Its circulation and influence have been constantly increasing, and it now occupies a better position than it ever did before. No effort shall be spared to make its future still more deserving of success that its past. We are glad to announce that we have secured the co-operation of a large number of skilled writers, both within our own church and without.

In addition to the papers previously announced, we have arranged for the appearance of a series of articles on living and recent authors, to be accompanied by portraits, similar in style to that of Longfellow in the May number. The series for volume xvi. will embrace Emerson, by Mrs. Dr. Castle, author of the Emerson Birthday Book; Whittier, by Dr. Nelles; Tennyson, by, we think, Dr. Stevenson, of Montreal; Dr. Lord Lytton, by Professor Reynar; Lowell, by Rev. Leroy Hooker, and Mrs. Stowe, by———. The portraits to accompany these sketches will be in the highest style of the engraver's art.

In the July number an important paper on Darwin and Darwinism, by Dr. Canniff, will appear.

We have also secured the promise of a series of life-sketches, including Dr. Chalmers, by Dr. Ryckman; Robert Hall, by Rev. W. W. Ross; Dr. Lachlin Taylor, by Dr. Burwash; James Evans, by Dr. Carroll; and Judge Wilmot, by the Rev. A. W. Nicolson; and Memorials of Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Punshon, by Dr. Nelles and Rev. Hugh Johnson.

Important papers on the General Conference by leading writers of the connexion will be presented, and a condensed account of its proceedings will be presented as a permanent record, and other features of interest and importance will also be presented.

The illustrated articles will embrace: Loiterings in Europe, by the Rev. C. S. Eby; Missionary Heroes, by the Editor; Footprints of Bunyan; Picturesque Canada; Italian Pictures; Pictures of Paris; Bible Lands, etc.; "Life in a Parsonage" will be concluded

We take the liberty to quote from the last number of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* a remark of the Rev. B. Gregory, its accomplished editor, on the circulation of con-

nexional literature, in the hope that the plan which he suggests may be largely adopted in Canada :—

"The Rev. Benjamin Gregory said he hoped the brethren would keep in mind what had been said about using means to promote the circulation of the publications of 'the Book-Room.' If the preachers were still to do as their predecessors had been wont to do within his own recollection—recommend the Magazine and other publications at the Society-meetings and the week-night services, and even read occasionally to the congregations passages well selected, and to urge their hearers to become readers of our literature, they would greatly help forward this important department of the work of God. It was their privilege to employ the press as well as the tongue in the great work they had in hand."

There is much sound philosophy in the following remark of the New York *Methodist* :—Watch the flight of a straw: theology leads in the list of books published in England last year. There were 945 of these theological volumes. Of course education came next; there were 680 educational volumes. And yet there are about 1,000 people in England (calling themselves Agnostics, Comptists, and Atheists) who make more noise than the 30,000,000 of people who read the old theology. And every now and then somebody on this side of the water rises to explain to people who recently bought 2,000,000 copies of the Revised New Testament that "nobody believes in *that* any more, you know!" The trouble with this little minority that imagines itself the whole world is not so much skepticism as a disorder known in the rural districts as "the big-head."

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

We are glad that much success is attending the effort to raise the sum of money, $35,000, for the endowment of the Ryerson Chair in Victoria University. One gentleman agreed to give $1,000 to the object, and the same gentleman also proposed to give $10,000 towards a scheme to raise $200,000 for the educational work of the Methodist Church.

We are glad also to record the noble deed of the young ladies in the Ontario Ladies' College, who, through their lady principal, Miss Adams, have subscribed $50 to support one girl for a year in the McDougall Orphanage.

No doubt our readers notice the gratifying intelligence in the columns of the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan*, of revivals in various parts of our work, but we are sure they would rejoice exceedingly that Richmond Street Church, Toronto, the scene of so many grand triumphs years ago, has also been visited with "showers of blessings," and that as one result of the revival, that time-honoured sanctuary is not now to be sold, as was at one time contemplated.

From all parts we learn that the tide of emigration to the North-West is becoming immense. We understand that the population of Winnipeg, which was only 215 in 1870, has now reached to 15,000. The churches of the city, which represent all denominations, are full every Sabbath. One writer says that Winnipeg is the banner church-going city in the land.

There are few circuits either in

Ontario or Quebec, to say nothing of the other provinces in the Dominion, which are not being partially depleted by people leaving for the Prairie Province. Then we are assured on all hands that the emigration from Europe will be very large during this year, so that taking all into consideration, Manitoba and the North-West will demand a large increase to the staff of missionaries labouring there.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman, formerly of the Montreal Conference, himself a converted Jew, has organized a mission to the Jews of New York city, and conducts religious service for their benefit every Sunday. His mission is endorsed by some of the leading ministers of the city. Canadian sympathizers with this movement can greatly help it by sending donations to Brother Freshman at New York.

Victoria University.

Convocation, 1882.

It is always pleasant to attend Cobourg during Convocation week. There are so many associations of a delightful kind which make the visit an oasis in the journey of life. The sermons of the Sabbath were not only appropriate and strictly evangelical, but delivered in a manner that at times thrilled and delighted the audience. The Rev. Geo. McRitchie, one of the ex-Presidents of Montreal Conference, occupied the pulpit in the morning, and though age is now making its marks upon him, his mind retains all the vigour of youth. His sermon will soon be published by the Theological Union, and it will be well for our readers to read it for themselves. The Rev. Dr. Stephenson, of Emmanuel Church, Montreal, preached the Baccalaureate Discourse in the evening. This was the Doctor's first visit to Victoria University, but we predict that it will not be the last. It is not saying too much that he took every heart captive. His sermon on the "Ideal of Life" was a grand oration, just such a discourse as young men need when leaving their Alma Mater. The farewell address of Dr. Nelles, the President of the University, which was delivered at the close, was full of tenderness, calculated to impress the graduating class with the importance of their vocation. The lectures during the week were: "John Milton," by Dr. Stephenson; "Certainties in Religion," by Rev. J. A. Williams, D.D., one of the ex-Presidents of London Conference; and "The Functions of the Brain," by Dr. McKenzie, of Aurora, and were all of a character to impress and instruct.

Thursday was the great day. Victoria Opera House was crowded, and for three hours the interest was unabated. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. T. W. Jeffery, the valedictory oration was delivered by Mr. J. Shilton, on "Thomas Carlyle." The career of that eminent man was depicted in glowing terms, and though the oration was somewhat lengthy, the interest was sustained to the close, when the audience cheered again and again. The ceremony of conferring degrees was then performed. Thirteen young gentlemen received the degree of B.A., five that of M.A. The degrees of M.D. and C.M. were conferred on several students from the Medical Schools; three clergymen, Rev. Messrs. Forster, Galbraith, and Chambers, received the degree of LL.B. Revs. George Cochran and W. H. Withrow, M.A., received the degree of D.D., and the Rev. W. Ormiston, D.D., received the additional honour of LL.D. Several students also received prizes for their success in various departments of study. Mr. P. T. Pilkey received the gold medal awarded by the Prince of Wales. Mr. Pilkey also received the gold medal in mathematics. Mr. W. S. Brewster received the Prince of Wales' silver medal and also the gold medal in classics. Mr. J. A. Munroe received the gold medal in natural science and the silver medal in modern languages. Other prizes were awarded which our space does not permit us to further enumerate. At least sixteen districts give scholarships of the value of $25 each.

An address was delivered to the

Medical Students by Dr Ogden, and then the President of the University delivered a powerful address, in which he paid a glowing eulogy to the late Dr. Ryerson and others who have passed away, and appealed for a generous support from the friends of Victoria College. The announcement that Dennis Moore, Esq., of Hamilton, had endowed a chair was received with great cheering. Professor Mills, from the Agricultural College, Guelph, Dr. Cochran, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Stephenson, and Dr. Sutherland also addressed the Convocation.

The Alumni Dinner, and the Conversazione were seasons of enjoyment, and at the latter especially the ladies added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

Dr. Haanel has received intimation through His Excellency the Governor General, of his election as one of the twenty members of the new Royal Canadian Academy of Art and Science.

Dr. Nelles' Address.

After conferring degrees, the Principal of the University, Rev. Dr. Nelles, made a few observations. He said :—

It is my melancholy duty on this occasion to make reference to the loss which our University has sustained during the year in the death of two members of the Senate. One of these, the late Senator Browse, was one of the earliest of the graduates of the University. He won high distinction in his profession as a physician and surgeon, and also in the Legislature of the Dominion. He was for many years a member of our Board and Senate, and in every way a faithful and liberal benefactor of the institution. He was a man of amiable disposition, and greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. He will be held in grateful remembrance, and his absence deeply lamented in our annual gatherings.

The other name is one of still greater eminence, perhaps the most eminent hitherto in the history of Canada. I refer to the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the first President of Victoria University. It was largely owing to his exertions that the institution was first established under the name of Upper Canada Academy, and it was by his personal efforts in England that the Royal Charter was procured, and when in 1841 the Academy was invested with the dignity and privileges of a University, he was chosen President, which position he held until 1844, when he was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for the Province of Upper Canada. I may here quote a few sentences from his address at the preparatory opening of the University in October, 1841 : "I cannot conclude these remarks without adverting to the new and elevated character with which this Institution has been invested by the Parliament of united Canada. His late most Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, of precious memory, first invested this Institution in 1836 with a corporate character, as an Academy—the first institution of the kind established by Royal Charter, unconnected with the Church of England, throughout the British Colonies. It is a cause of renewed satisfaction and congratulation that after five years' operations as an Academy, it has been incorporated as a University, and financially assisted by the unanimous vote of both branches of the Provincial Legislature, sanctioned by more than an official cordiality in Her Majesty's name, by the late lamented Lord Sydenham, one of whose last messages to the Legislative Assembly was a recommendation to grant £500 as an aid to Victoria College." This position of President of Victoria University Dr. Ryerson retained for two years, when he was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada. He remained, however, a member of the Board and Senate to the time of his death, a period in all of nearly fifty years, and, perhaps, did more than any one man for the interests of the University by his personal exertions, and by generous pecuniary contributions. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to some parts of Dr. Ryerson's career as a public man, there will be, I am sure, remark-

able unanimity of judgment as to his great life work, his work as a Christian minister, one of the early pioneers of this country, and as Chief Superintendent and founder of our system of public instruction. It is true there was some sort of system of schools before his time, but it differed as much from that which he introduced as the rude plays adopted in some instances by Shakspeare differed from the immortal dramas which he created. In him Victoria University has lost her ablest advocate, the Methodist Church our most distinguished minister, and Canada a public man not surpassed, if indeed he has been equalled, by any of those who have lived and died within the bounds of this Dominion. I may take occasion to congratulate the sister Universities of Canada on their growing strength and efficiency, and I heartily re-echo the sentiment expressed the other day by Dr. Young, of Toronto University, that the country is the better of a variety of colleges, and the similar expression of the Minister of Education for Ontario, as contained in his last report, in which he speaks of the denominational colleges as "testifying to the penetrating influenees of religion in our educational system, and to that freedom of action which will preserve to our different institutions an individuality unknown in the uniformity prevalent in France and not absent in Germany." Certainly the example of Britain and the United States is against the system of consolidation, and it would be as unreasonable to work towards such an ideal in Canada as it would be to attempt the amalgamation of Oxford and Cambridge in England, or of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in the United States. The uniformity of France has not been found to work well, and the extreme uniformity of China is certainly not recommended by the fact, recently alleged, that it is no longer possible to distinguish one Chinaman from another.

But while I to-day congratulate Canadian Universities on their growing efficiency, I am nevertheless also obliged to condole with them on their common complaint of inadequate resources,—a complaint that comes even from our Provincial University, with her income of over sixty thousand dollars a year, and may, therefore, be still more reasonably expected from the less richly endowed denominational colleges. But, I trust, this financial distress will ere long pass away, as it has in the colleges of New England. Harvard was once poor, but has to-day an annual income of $836,000; Yale had for many years to struggle with poverty, but to-day has an annual income of $190,000, including $110,000 from fees alone. Columbia College has an income of $261,000, which is more than Christ's Church, the richest college of Oxford. The Wesleyan University of Middletown, which is only some fifty years old, and has had a history very similar to to that of Victoria, has property to-day of the value of $1,400,000, and a productive endowment of $900,000. These facts should encourage us, more especially when we remember that these augmented resources have come from the private liberalty of friends and the efforts of Christian churches, and not from the State. The churches of the United States have accumulated $68,000,000 for higher education, and more than two-thirds of this sum within the last thirty years.

In regard to our Victoria, there will, I presume, be some further years of hard struggling before we shall be able to boast of an adequate endowment, but we shall not be discouraged on that account. Our hope lies in the soundness of the principles on which our University is founded, in the increasing number and wealth of our graduates, and in the strength and liberality of the great Methodist Church of this Dominion,—a church that numbers more than half a million of adherents, increasing, too, at the rate of some thirty per cent. in ten years, and raising $150,000 a year for missions. Such a church, I am sure, is abundantly able, and will, ere long, be found willing to sustain her Universities and Theological Schools, and I will venture to say that this educational work is the one

enterprise which just now most urgently demands the attention and energetic support of the Methodist Church of Canada.

If there be any persons who look on university training and work as foreign to the proper mission of the Church of Christ, or as unfavourable to religious earnestness, they fail to apprehend aright either the genius of the Gospel, or the history of the Church. They should learn that the little leaven is to leaven the whole lump, which means not merely the whole world, but all the faculties of the soul, all forms of human activity, all literatures, all philosophies, all arts, all civilizations. They should rectify their mistaken notions by a recollection of the numerous passages of Scripture, which emphasize the divine wedlock of sacred and secular lore. They should understand what a power for good resides in education, in literature, and in philosophy, when pervaded by the spirit of the Gospel, and what a power for evil when not so pervaded. They should ask themselves how it came that the great missionary apostle, the most zealous and successful of all the apostles, was the most highly cultivated one, the only one entitled to be called a university man; how again it came that the great Protestant Reformation was effected by the Revival of Letters, and the heroic labours of university men, some of whom pined in dungeons for the testimony of Jesus, and others, like Huss, from amid the crackling of the faggots and the fierceness of the flames gave their spirits home to God. And above all they should ask themselves, especially "the people called Methodists," should ask themselves, how it came that the great Methodist Revival, which rescued England from heathenism, and which has so marvellously blessed all nations, was brought about through the apostolic zeal of men trained in a university, and conversant with all the best learning of their time. Let the Methodist Church of Canada meditate more deeply on these things; and while annually contributing large sums of money for her Missions in Japan and the great North-West, rally enthusiastically, and with something like a proportionate liberalty, around those struggling schools and colleges from which in the future, as in the past, her best supply of ministers and missionaries must come.

The Death Roll.

Since the death of the venerable Dr. Ryerson, there have died in the Toronto and London Conferences, Rev. George C. Madden, who was received on trial at the Conference of 1869; Henry Bawtinheimer who was a supernumerary, and had charge of Cape Croker Indian Mission; Henry Reid, who was in the thirty-fifth year of his ministry, though for the last seven years he was on the list of superannuates, and James Shaw, a supernumerary minister, whose death occurred on the Sabbath as he was about to commence public service at Lowville. All these brethren died well.

The British Conference has lost one of its best-known ministers, the Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., whose portly person, smiling countenance, and eloquent voice will not soon be forgotten by hundreds of our readers who had the pleasure of hearing him during the three times he visited Canada. For some years his health has been declining, and now he has gone to join those who have gone before.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South has lost several ministers, but the most notable are the Rev. Leroy M. Lee, D.D., who had been circuit preacher, editor of one of the Church organs, and presiding elder, in all more than fifty years. For forty years he was a recognized leader among his brethren. He was a member of the famous General Conference of 1844, and also of every succeeding General Conference until he died. The Rev. Thomas O. Summers, D.D., also of the Southern Church, died as he desired by "ceasing at once to work and live." He was present at the opening of the General Conference in Nashville, May 3rd, and was elected by acclamation to the office of Secretary of Conference,

an office which he has held at every General Conference, since 1844. At the close of the second day's session he was taken alarmingly ill, and died in great peace on the morning of Saturday, May 6th. He was a true son of John Wesley, a native of England, but a resident in America since 1830, when he entered the ministry and soon became a leader in Israel. He assisted in organizing the Church after the disruption of 1844, when he became editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, since which he has served the Church as editor of Sunday-school publications, Quarterly Review, and many volumes issued by the Publishing House. He was the author of commentaries of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to Romans, and several other volumes which we cannot enumerate. At the time of his death, besides editing the *Quarterly Review*, he was Professor of Systematic Theology in the Valderbilt University, and was about to publish a work on Systematic Theology. He was a hard student and died in the 70th year of his age. The writer received a letter from him a few days before his decease, offering the hospitalities of his home during the sessions of the General Conference. He was truly a grand man. Thousands will cherish his memory.

Another notable minister, who had laboured both in England and America, has also left the Church militant, the Rev. Samuel Dunn. He had been in the ministry more than sixty years. When he joined the Wesleyan Conference there were 900 ministers, all of whom died before him. He was involved in the troubles of 1849, for which he suffered expulsion. He was a laborious man, a great friend of Dr. Adam Clarke, by whom he was sent as one of the first Missionaries to the Zetland Isles. He was well read in Methodist literature, and was the author of many publications. His last distinct utterance was—

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly."

BOOK NOTICES.

Kant and his English Critics. A Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy. By JNO. WATSON, M.A, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Kingston, Ont.: Stacy & Walpole.

We owe the esteemed author of this volume an apology for our tardiness in noticing a book which we regard as an honour to our country. We are not sure that we can claim the credit of its mechanical execution for Canada, inasmuch as it bears, in addition to the name of the Canadian publishers, the imprint of a well-known publishing house in New York, but wherever the work was done it is worthy of the highest commendation. Its clear white paper, and broad black type, makes it everything that can be desired for the comfort of the reader; and this, though not the highest commendation of a work of this description, is nevertheless of considerable importance to

> "Age, which brings the philosophic mind."

The style in which the book is written is admirable. That it will prove easy reading to the average reader, would, perhaps, be too much to affirm; but if it does not belong to the class of books which, as some one has observed, "read themselves," the fault is not in the author, or the style of composition which he has adopted, but in the subject which cannot be mastered without somewhat severe and sustained mental application. Philosophy, as well as science, has its technicalities, and it is

impossible in dealing with a subject which calls for the utmost exactitude, both of thought and expression, to avoid the use of these. Dr. Watson does not attempt anything of the sort. He writes as a philosopher, if not for philosophers, at least for such as have some special preparation for this branch of study. The peculiar terminology of philosophy is not unnecessarily obtruded upon the reader, and though the impossible has not been attempted, in adopting a style which is strictly popular, the lucidness of the reasoning, and the perspicuity and transparency of the style of expression are such that the ordinary educated reader will find little difficulty in following the author, whether he may or may not be able to look along the same lines of thought with him, or to see things in the same light in every instance as he sees them.

The special value of this book lies in the fact that it makes all that is most material in the *Critique of Pure Reason* accessible to the English reader; while, at the same time, it guards him against those misapprehensions touching the teaching of the great German philosopher, and fortifies him against those misrepresentations of his views, which, according to Dr. Watson's judgment, have prevented so many from apprehending clearly the doctrine of his great master-piece. Though, of course, the design of this work is not to take the place of the *Critique* itself, and its effect will probably be to lead many to study that work who would not otherwise have done so, no one can read it with attention, we think, without having a pretty correct notion of the main features of the Kantian Philosophy. We are inclined to agree with a writer in the *Chicago Times*, that "it is a clear disentangling of some of the labyrinthine perplexities of the great German philospher," and it is, perhaps, true that in Dr. Watson's book there is "a completion, as well as a correction of Kant's thought," which renders the study of the German work unnecessary, unless for the professional metaphysician.

We dare not venture to deal with the matter of so profound a volume as this within the compass of a brief notice; neither do we feel ourselves called upon to pronounce any judgment in respect to the doctrines which it advocates. We agree with the *Edinburgh Review* that, "there is in this work a true philosophic spirit, a calmness in the handling of the topics that befits the theme, and which all faithful students of Kant must carry away as one of their first lessons." And we are glad, as another critic has observed, that "while defending Kant against misunderstanding," Dr. Watson "has taken his own independent course, and like a true philosopher refuses to accept any man's *ipse dixit*, however eminent his position or great his services." We give a hearty welcome to this stately volume, present our cordial congratulations to the learned and gifted author, and we commend it to the student of philosophy as the best exposition that we have met with of the critical school of philosophic thought.

W. S. B.

Railway Sermons. By the Rev. D. VAN NORMAN LUCAS, M.A. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price ten cents.

There are on this continent 80,000 railway employees. There are none of us who are not often under obligation for safe and rapid journeying to this useful class of men. Yet we are often unmindful of those services, of the peril they involve, and of the heroism for which they often give occasion. Mr. Lucas, in these sermons—one preached over the dead body of a railway hero, killed at his post of duty,—makes a protest against the continuance of the needless dangers to railway men, and an appeal for their removal in many cases where this is possible. He deals in a very practical manner with the evils of the prevalent coupling system, the want of extended foot boards on the top of the freight cars, and of a protecting rail, and of the danger of open frogs on the track. Of the great army above enumerated some hundreds are killed every year, through preventable

causes. We hope that these eminently practical discourses—which aim at the welfare of the body as well as the soul—will more fully arouse attention to the evils he denounces, and lead to their removal.

The Decay of Modern Preaching, an Essay. By J. P. MAHAFFY. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 90 cents.

We differ from Mr. Mahaffy at the very outset. We do not believe that there is, on the whole, a decay of modern preaching. We believe that there never was so much good preaching in the world as there is to-day. Notwithstanding this dissent from his premises, there is much in the book that is suggestive and instructive. Assuming the decay in preaching, the author describes its causes, historical, social, and personal, as the loss of novelty, increase of education, quietness of modern life; and in the clergy, the want of ability, of piety, of general culture, and special training. He refers also to defective types, and suggests the avoidance of certain extremes noted, the need of higher culture, elasticity of services, an itinerant ministry, somewhat like the preaching friars, and the celibacy of the clergy. With most of these, except the last, we would be disposed to agree, and for them we find provision made in our Methodist system.

The Need of the World. By the Rev. S. G. PHILLIPS, M.A., author of "Sacred Names," etc., pp. 307. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

No theme could be more important than that treated in this book, and the author has treated it in many varied aspects, and with much clearness of insight, and soundness of judgment. He brings to his task the skill of a practiced writer, and the mature thought of a well-stored mind. He considers man in his social, public, and religious relations; the age in which we live as an age of progress, of conflict, of mental activity; the commerce, art, science, and literature of the age, its religious character; the Sabbath and its obligations, working for God, and similar practical themes. We anticipate for this book an even wider circulation than that of the former successful works of its author. Dr. Nelles contributes an admirable introduction, treating in his own exquisite style—weighted with thought and rich in beauty—the great need of the world.

John Inglesant. By J. N. SHORTHOUSE. 445 pages. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

This is the fourth edition of a book which has attracted much attention on both sides of the sea. The leading literary journals have given it very high praise, and it has won the warm commendation of so distinguished a critic as Mr. Gladstone. The author describes it as "a philosophical romance." The scene is laid in the times of Charles I. It illustrates the teachings and practical influence of the Roman Catholic Church, especially of the Jesuits. The collision of the Church with the pietistic sects within its borders, and the social and civil life of the times, are all graphically described in the progress of a very entertaining story. The hero, John Inglesant, is brought up under the influence of the Jesuits; but as the result of a visit to Rome, he becomes disenchanted with the papal system, and is brought into sympathy with Protestantism. The author is master of a style of pure and vigourous English, which gives a Defoe-like verisimilitude to his descriptions. It is remarkable that a Birmingham manufacturing chemist, previously unknown to fame, should be the author of one of the most remarkable books of its class of modern times.

The Temperance Battle-Field and How to Gain the Day. By the Rev. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR, author of "Voices from the Throne," etc., pp. 188, illustrated. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 65 cents.

The accomplished author of "Voices from the Throne," appears

in this volume in a new *role.* We venture to predict, that excellent as his former books have been, this one will have a popularity far surpassing that of any of them. It combines at once more humour and more pathos than any book of its size that we know, and will be read with intense interest by both old and young. It abounds with illustrations of the wickedness, folly, crime, and misery caused by drink. In his closing chapters he shows that the only permanent cure for this evil is the manifold grace of God. The book is admirably adapted for use in Sunday-schools, and for Band of Hope and Temperance Lodge readings. We hope for it a wide circulation.

The New Man and the Eternal Life is a series of Notes on the Reiterated Amens of the Son of God. By ANDREW JUKES. New York: Thos. Whittaker. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. pp. 296. Price $1.75.

In this series of discourses the author has taken up those utterances of our Lord to which He Himself gave especial importance by the emphatic words, "verily, verily." The theme of the book is that the end of the Gospel is the new man, reformed by God into His own image through Christ. These discourses unfold the successive stages or aspects of the development of this "new man" in these emphatic utterances of our Lord. This is an instructive and suggestive series of sermons.

Guide Book for the Eastern Coast of New England. By EDSON C. EASTMAN. Pp. 220, with maps. Concord, Mass.: E. C. Eastman. Price, $1.50.

White Mountain Guide Book. By S. C. EASTMAN. Pp. 236, with engravings and maps. Concord, Mass.: E. C. Eastman. Price, $1.

There are many persons who will spend one or two hundred dollars for a summer trip who will grudge one or two dollars for a reliable guide-book. They make a great mistake. A good guide-book, such as are those above enumerated, will enable one to derive double profit and pleasure from a holiday trip, and will often help him to save time and money as well. One of the most delightful summer rambles that we know is that briefly outlined in our article on the Atlantic coast in this number. Edson's Guide Books give full information about the White Mountains and the seacoast, the best places to go, the way to reach them, the cost of travel and of lodgings, an account of the historic and other interesting associations of the places described—everything that a tourist wishes to know. Their value is increased by good maps and full indexes.

The Candle of the Lord and other Sermons. By the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. pp. 370. Price $1.75.

Phillips Brooks we deem one of the greatest of modern preachers. In his broad human sympathies and fine English literary style, he is more like Frederick W. Robertson than any one whom we know. But there is in his sermons, we think, a deeper spirituality of tone, and more orthodox statement of doctrines, than in those of the great English preacher.

It is a significant sign of the times that over 20,000 copies of his previous volumes of sermons and lectures on the Influence of Jesus should be called for in so short a time. The present volume is worthy of his high reputation, and will cause no disappointment. We have been especially impressed by the Sermons on the Heroism of Foreign Missions, on the Manliness of Christ, on the Law of Liberty, on the Symmetry of Life, and on Christian Charity.

Among western books announced for immediate issue, S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, promise a new edition of Prof. R. B. Anderson's "Viking Tales of the North," carefully revised and corrected by the author. This is a book of singular interest, containing the Swedish poet, Tegner's, famous poem, "Fridthjof's Saga," and also the two prose sagas upon wnich that Northern epic was based.